

The GRAPHIC



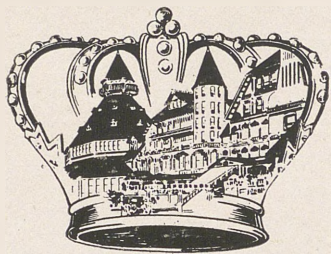
Notice to the Reader: When you have finished reading THE GRAPHIC, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand the paper to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address. THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

February 20

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Nothing is more invigorating than a six days' delightful cruise on the balmy Pacific, where there is no danger from enemy raiders or submarine. (We herewith stamp all the reports of submarines having been seen in the Pacific as absolute falsehoods, no doubt having been spread by enemy propagandists, so as to hurt American shipping.)

Contrary to rumors which have been spread, we also wish to announce that there are ample accommodations on steamers which are plying between the Hawaiian Islands and the Mainland, and that there is no difficulty for Tourists to obtain return passage from Honolulu after visiting the Islands. During the month of January, 1918, most of the steamers leaving Honolulu for the Mainland departed with a large number of empty cabins.

Amongst the steamers now plying between the Mainland and Honolulu are the Steamers "President" and "Governor," operated by the Matson Navigation Company, each having comfortable accommodations for Four Hundred passengers; the Steamers "Lurline," "Moana," and other Matson boats; the Oceanic Steamers "Sierra," "Sonoma," and "Ventura"; the Pacific Mail Steamers "Ecuador," "Columbia," and "Venezuela," and the Canadian-Australian Steamers "Makura" and "Niagara."

All of these steamers are still on the Hawaii run.

Take this opportunity to spend a delightful month in restful and healthful Hawaii, and make your reservations at one of our well-known, splendid Hotels:

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HARRY E. STINSON,

General Manager.

Honolulu, T. H.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

THOMPSON-DODSON. Miss Clarice Leone Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Thompson of South Pasadena to Mr. Van Walker Dodson. The wedding will take place in the near future.

PERRIS-TURNER. Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Perris of San Bernardino of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Vivian Perris to Mr. Fred Drake Turner. Mr. Turner is the son of Mr. T. J. Turner, a prominent banker of Pocatella, and former State senator of Idaho. Both young people are well known in university circles here and in Berkeley.

PEABODY-FLEMING. From Santa Barbara comes the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Ruth Peabody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Forest Peabody to Captain David Fleming, son of Mr. David Fleming of Harrisburg, Pa.

MORRISON-PHILLIPS. Miss Amy Morrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Morrison of Pasadena to Mr. Henry Ormsby Phillips, son of Mrs. John Blakewell Phillips, also of Pasadena.

CHISHOLM-BRYNER. Miss Blanche Chisholm, and Mr. Richard Lockhart Bryner, both of Pasadena. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

DOUGLAS-MEYERS. February 16. Miss Elaine Douglas and Mr. George Francis Meyers, both of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at the home of the bride's parents in South Bonnie Brae street. Mr. Meyers and his bride will make their home in Los Angeles.

HANSON-SMITH. Miss Ethlyn May Hanson and Mr. Henry Preston Smith, both of Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized Monday, February 4, in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home here, following a brief wedding trip.

SPENCER-BEGOLE. Miss Lucile Spencer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Spencer of South Pasadena and Mr. Donald M. Begole of Marquette, Michigan. The marriage was solemnized Tuesday evening, February 12, at the home of the bride's parents, in Fremont avenue. After a short honeymoon trip in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Begole will go to Marquette where they will reside.

HAMBURGER-NATHAN. Miss Belle A. Hamburger of Los Angeles, and Mr. P. L. Nathan of New York City. The marriage took place a fortnight ago in New York City.

OWEN-DEAMER. Saturday, February 16. Miss Ethel Owen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Owen of South Burlington avenue, Los Angeles and Mr. Vin Deamer of Pittsburg, Pa. After February 24, Mr. and Mrs. Deamer will be at home to their friends in Los Angeles.

ALLEY-ASTREDO. February 4. Miss Bess Alley, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Alley of Ingraham street, Los Angeles,

and Mr. Humbert Allen Astredo of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Astredo are passing their honeymoon at the Grand Canyon and after the first of March will be at home in Oakland.

BURRITT-FARRIS. Mrs. Isabelle Works Burritt, daughter of former United States Senator and Mrs. Works of Los Angeles and Mr. Derrick Farris also of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Farris will make their home at 2695 Orchard avenue this city.

DE LA TORRE-SMITH. Saturday, February 9. Miss Mariana de la Torre and Dr. R. Nicholas Smith. The marriage took place in San Bernardino. Mrs. Smith has been making her home at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena. Dr. Smith is the house physician for Hotel Hayward, where the couple will temporarily make their home.

PURCELL-GILBERT. February 12. Miss Mary Purcell and Mr. Gordon Gilbert. The marriage was solemnized at St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

BIRTHS

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Stanley W. Smith of South Gramercy place upon the arrival of a small son, February 9.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

February 26. The Crafts Study club will meet at the home of Mrs. C. L. Powell, 1959 Taft avenue, Tuesday, February 26, for its monthly luncheon. Miss Rose Connor, who has just returned from New York, will give a short talk.

February 22. Patriotic Pageant to be given under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. at Trinity Auditorium.

February 23. The Ebell club is planning a colonial ball for Saturday evening, February 23, in celebration of Washington's birthday.

February 21. The Young Zionists association will give their first annual ball Thursday evening, February 21, at Kramer's hall.

February 23. The Red Cross Bird Cage shop committee is planning a patriotic tea dansant next Saturday evening, February 23, at Hotel Alexandria.

April 5. Members of the Patriotic League which includes a large number of the younger set, are planning to give a tea dansant in the ballroom of Hotel Alexandria, the first Saturday after Easter, which will be April 5. Miss Doris Collins is head of the organization.

February 22. Members of the Chamber of Commerce will hold their annual banquet at the Alexandria Hotel on Washington's birthday. Patriotism will be the predominating feature and Mr. Gilbert Wright is in charge of the arrangements.

February 22. Members of the Jonathan Club will entertain with a dance the evening of Washington's birthday at the Club.

CLUB CALENDAR

FRIDAY MORNING CLUB—February 22. Members only. Children's Day program, presenting "The Seven Ages of Washington."

EBELL CLUB—February 25. Lecture on "The Women of France" by Madame Simone Puget, who is the widow of the great poet, Andre Puget, killed in a bayonet charge at Neuville—St. Vaast in May of 1915.

WOMAN'S CITY CLUB—February 25. Public Affairs. Dr. Jessie A. Russell will talk on "The Courts and Women," and Judge Sidney M. Reeve, judge of the Juvenile Court will tell of "Practical Workings of the Juvenile Court."

ART

February 1 to March 10. Exhibition of Etchings and Engravings in the Gallery of the A. E. Little Company.

FASHION SHOW

February 28, March 1-2. Los Angeles Spring Fashion Show.



Exclusive Agents for
THE STEINWAY

AS THE STEINWAY is considered supreme in the world of high grade pianos—so is the Geo. J. Birkel Co. regarded as the leading music house of the Great Southwest

Geo. J. Birkel Co.
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Cadillac
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The demand for Cadillac Eights was never so heavy as it is right now. This demand is certain to increase. Manufacturing conditions are uncertain.

Now is the time to buy if you desire to provide yourself and family with reliable transportation for years to come.

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Distributor

12th AND MAIN STS.
LOS ANGELES

GOLF

Los Angeles Country Club regular Saturday cup sweepstakes—two classes: Scratch to ten inclusive; twelve to twenty-four inclusive.

February 22, 23 and 24. Southern California Golf Association invitation tournament at Virginia Country Club.

February 26. 9:30 A. M. Qualifying round, eighteen holes, sixteen to qualify in two flights of eight each, at Coronado Country Club.

February 27. 9:30 A. M. at Coronado Country Club, first round match play. Championship and second flight. 2:00 P. M. eighteen hole Handicap event, for silver cup.

March 1. Finals. Championship and second flight. Coronado Country Club.

March 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Veteran's Cup. For golfers fifty years of age and over, guests of Hotel del Coronado.

March 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Handicap Tournament at Coronado Country Club, for golfers holding handicap of 12 or over.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

BENCH SHOWS

February 20-23. Westminster Kennel Club; New York City.

February 25-26. The Kennel Club of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

March 1-3. Indianapolis Kennel Club, Indianapolis, Ind.

March 7-9. Central Ohio Kennel Club, Columbus, Ohio.

MUSIC

February 23. Saturday morning, at 1:30, Mrs. Edward MacDowell of New York, in recital at the Alexandria Hotel. Mme. Hesse-Sprotte will assist and the concert is under the direction of Miss Margaret Goetz.

February 26. Evening. Theo Karle concert at Trinity Auditorium.

HARVARD SCHOOL (Military)

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The Graphic

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ELBRIDGE D. RAND, - - - - - Owner
 ALFRED L. FENTON, - - - - - Publisher
 ERNEST MCGAFFEY, - - - - - Editor
 CHAS. A. HAWLEY, - - - - - Advertising Manager

Vol. 52

FEBRUARY 20, 1918

No. 3

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Publishers' Announcement

Copyright 1917, by E. D. Rand

THE GRAPHIC is published on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month by Elbridge D. Rand, at 424 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

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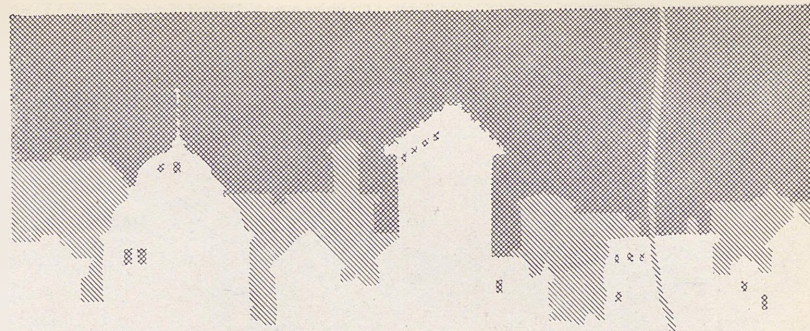
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The well dressed man demands that his shirts combine exclusive patterns, and perfect fit and workmanship---Our custom-made garments combine these three essential points, which account for our rapidly increasing clientele among those who demand the best.

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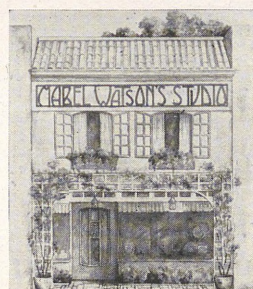
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—Being a gala grouping of the new styles of Spring-time that has been created for Country Club Wear—and town wear as well.

—And they have come to Bullock's in wonder variety—is the news of the day—news that is attracting many women—and that will attract many, many more during this “Sports Wear” review at Bullock's.

—Never has Fashion given us such display of color—never has she spun more beautiful her texture—never treated more magically the individualities that make for Vogue—never has more subtle originality been employed in the tout ensemble, than is now luxuriating in these very, very clever

Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Blouses

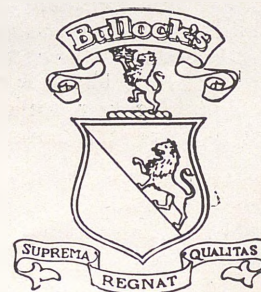
—that Bullock's has arranged for you to share.

—Daring and lovely—irresistible—putting words to silence that would attempt to describe their witchery as they are.

Scores and scores of the most striking modes of the hour—with the Joy of Difference, the Pride of Personality in them—

If you would see them, in their indescribable beauty, come to Bullock's to view the Exhibit Exceptional—

—Third Floor



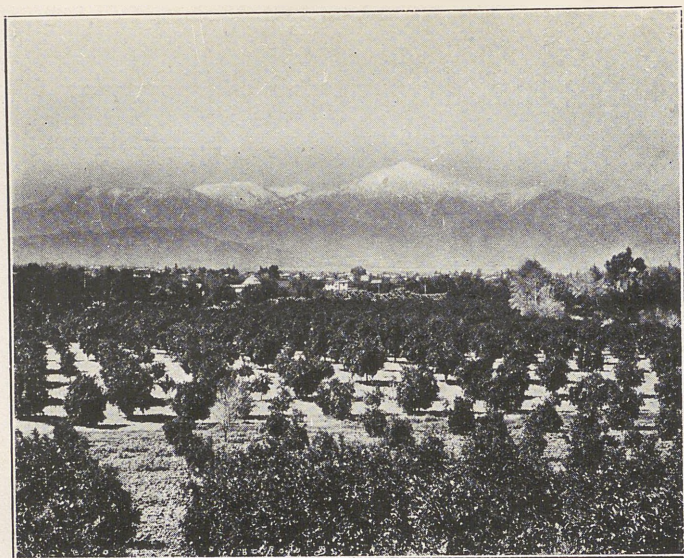
The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



MISS MAURINE BARNES

Beautiful young society girl of St. Louis, who is the house guest of Miss Marie McCoy of Los Angeles, and for whom many delightful social courtesies are being given. Miss Barnes' western trip is made in company with her uncle and aunt, Former Governor and Mrs. Lon B. Stephens of Missouri, and a month in Coronado is planned as a part of their visit in Southern California.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE PARAMOUNT LESSON which the present war teaches is a spiritual one. It has taught that somewhere and somehow in the breasts of men, mind is triumphant over matter, and spirit is superior to brute strength. No one who saw the German army marching out of Berlin believed anything but the will of God could bar the entrance of such a host from the gates of Paris. Every foreigner there—and scores of Americans were among them—saw in that army the symbol of a perfectly-trained and irresistible force which could not be stopped or hindered except by supernatural power. The preparation of forty years was behind this tremendous array of military masses; the experience in mimic warfare of many years was theirs, and a rigid and constant training from boyhood had been given each and every soldier. The selected goal was not far distant, and not very strongly guarded. Everything, from a material stand-point, argued a swift and sure success, a coup d'état. And yet the onset of this supposedly invincible Juggernaut was delayed, halted, and finally defeated in its object. And the supernatural agency which brought this result about was the God in man; the spirit triumphing over the flesh, the superhuman victory of right over might. The altars of sacrifice have been drenched with blood and tears. The pages of suffering have been written in lines of indelible tragedy. Sorrow has indeed refused to be comforted for the terrible loss of life, and the empty homes and hearts of those left behind. But from the black night of woe and travail shine fixed and clear the three stars of Liberty, Love, and Justice, never to be shaken, not to be dimmed. And so they will stand, as long as a soul-pulse beats in the hearts of men and women, and the torch of freedom illuminates the centuries.

SOME VERY CAUSTIC criticism has been aroused in the East and middle west on account of the recent page advertisements which appeared, couched in, to say the least, a wilderness of purple adjectives. The Graphic, in re-printing some of the exceptions taken to this advertisement desires to call attention to the fact that nothing can be gained by our sticking our heads in the sand, and refusing to read criticisms directed against our city. It is both a hopeful as well as a helpful sign when people are willing to see themselves as others see them. Judicious and conservative advertising is the very best possible way to make known the advantages of any city. Advertising which seeks to gain results by injudicious and extravagant wording has been proven to be less beneficial in its effect than that which is more temperately set forth. The circus-poster style of advertising is not in vogue with the more intelligent class of advertising experts. And it would seem, also, that Los Angeles has both individuals and established bodies capable of handling funds collected in large sums to the interest of the entire city, and to the satisfaction of the majority. By all means advertise. But wisely, not too well.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE JULIUS KAHN has been attracting much interest and receiving warm commendations for his energetic and valuable work in the Eastern States relating to the present world-war. Mr. Kahn has rendered yeoman service to President Wilson by his able speeches explaining the new war policy; and his addresses outlining the President's policies, and the reasons *why* the United States is in the war, have been listened to by many representative audiences throughout the country. On a number of occasions he has been specially invited to appear before student bodies at the various leading colleges to expound his views, and these engagements, in addition to his speaking before different public bodies have absorbed a great deal of time and labor on the part of Mr. Kahn. It is work which will count for the cause which America has taken up heart and soul and the Congressman deserves great credit for his patriotic and timely efforts in this behalf. It would be a graceful as well as an appreciative act if the people of the District which he so well represents were to make his nomination for re-election an unanimous one, simply on the non-political platform "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

THERE IS NO appreciable diminution of automobile accidents, and the usual quota of collisions with street-cars manages to hold its own. The regular grist of dead, dying, and wounded graces the Police records, and the dance of death goes merrily on. The question of a subway to help remedy the present intolerable conditions is apparently safely pigeon-holed in some dusty niche among the community archives. Crossing the streets in the down-town districts has all the excitement and much of the dangers of trench warfare. Sane and sensible drivers continue to handle their machines carefully, and with due regard for the lives and limbs of the meek and lowly pedestrians. But darting around corners and racing at a sixty-mile clip along the boulevards; butting into street-cars and into one another's cars; climbing telegraph poles and skating into shops, private residences, rivers, lakes, canyons and dog-houses,—still dash with terrific speed and ghoulish glee the irrepressible Mad Mullahs of the Motor-Car Brigade.

OTHER MEN

I was not good, like others you had met,
I would I had been perfect, for your sake.
My stubbornness not even death may break
Though marbled to forgetfulness; and yet
How keen were then my anguish, could regret
For what I was, the slightest ripple make
On this, our love; or cause your heart to ache
Or your dear eyes with sorrowing tears be wet.

If I had sinned, be sure I paid the wage.
If I repented, so men do! what then?
This I affirm, as truth shall be my gage
As I have said, and say it once again,
From passionate youth and on to fiery age
I was not chained to earth like other men.

OTHER WOMEN

The chords of Sappho's fragmentary line
Re-echo with a world-compelling strain;
And Greek Aspasia by the Attic main
The star of Pericles will ever shine.
Enchantresses, with outward selves divine,—
The form of Ruth beside the sickled grain,
Rebecca's face, the Templar's suing vain
Lucrece's fate, and Tarquin's base design.

I conjure up their memory, musing so!
The waywardness or constancy they knew,
And her whose sorcery wrought colossal woe
That Trojan temptress whom Kit Marlowe drew;
I know them all; and truer yet I know
There is no woman in the world but you.

BY THE WAY

AMONG the first to enlist with the Grizzlies, was young Leland Stanford Schmidt, son of Eddie Schmidt, well known business man and club favorite.

Extremely popular in the Junior set of the Brentwood Country Club, young Schmidt has proven himself equally so at Camp Kearny, where he has distinguished himself in many ways. He is of D Battery, 144th Field Artillery, and it is declared by those who know that Leland Stanford Schmidt is one of the very best pistol shots in camp.

Named for the California Governor, Leland Stanford, the families being related, Mr. Schmidt has ambition and ability of a sort to do credit to his illustrious name; and his friends expect to see him highly successful in the line of endeavor that he has chosen.

A CANADIAN VISITOR

C. E. McPherson, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, is in the city for a brief stay, and will return to Winnipeg after a short visit with friends at Redlands. Mr. McPherson reports conditions very favorable in Canada as regards crops and prices for produce, the farmers now realizing top prices for everything they can raise whether in grain, live-stock or vegetables. From a long residence in the Eastern Provinces, Mr. McPherson feels positive that conscription will be adopted without any friction to speak of, now that the question has been put squarely to the issue and decided by a substantial affirmative vote. In relation to travel towards the north, he finds that there has been a decided increase, based upon the extraordinarily heavy tourist traffic to Southern California, those returning by way of Canada availing themselves of the opportunity for seeing the famous Canadian Rockies along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. McPherson spoke of the invincible determination of Canada to "carry on" in the present war, and of Canada's deep appreciation of the aid being given the Allies by the United States.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CORPSES

THE front cover of a Utah contemporary has an advertisement of one of its enterprising undertakers which will be of eminent satisfaction to those "late'y deceased." The announcement from this particular "deatheteria" reads in part as follows: "Every satisfactory thing that has ever been known to funeral experience is used here to make certain that the appointments you receive are perfect in every detail. We furnish funerals of quality." In these strenuous times when comparatively little attention is paid to the finer and more select niceties of burying the dead, this notice will doubtless cause a thrill of satisfaction to those who have "passed," or are just about to "pass." An unfashionable funeral is of all things something "devoutly not to be wished," and "the perfection of detail" promised by this advertisement evidences possible novelties in costume, casket, floral decorations, music, mourning, tombstones, etc., which will far outshine previous extravagancies in that line. "Funerals of quality." The statement really sounds enticing. Corpses kindly take notice.

A POINTER FROM PORTLAND

JOSEPH R. Bowles, President of the Northwest Steel Company of Portland delivered an address to the Portland Chamber of Commerce on the subject "After the War—what of Portland's Payrolls?" He pointed out that after the war shipbuilding would drop inside of two years, and that

other manufactures would have to be supplied to keep the payrolls going. He also pointed out that home capital would be necessary to carry on such other manufactures, and called attention to the fact, as he claimed, that the labor situation was better on the Columbia river than at any point on the Pacific Coast, *barring Los Angeles*. What is true of Portland is true of Los Angeles. She must keep adding continually to her payrolls, if she expects to lead in the race. She must invest her own capital in manufacturing, as well as enlist outside capital in such enterprises. She has the raw materials, the climate par excellence, the transportation facilities, the markets. Every city on the Coast is naturally and properly her rival. And this is true as to every other city of importance in the United States. If Los Angeles does not help itself in proportion to its advantages, it need not

expect to become really a great city. And now is the time to put forth every effort to bring payrolls to the town.

FIRST LOS ANGELES LOCOMOTIVE

A RECENT issue of the Los Angeles Times had a picture of what it labelled, "Building the First Engines Ever Made in Los Angeles; at the S. P. Shops." But that information is nearly thirty years out of date, for the first locomotive built in Los Angeles was dated 1889 and was designed by Fred L. Baker, of the Baker Iron Works, then a small concern and he but twenty-four years old. This first Los Angeles locomotive was a combination of local and eastern castings and was built for the Los Angeles County railroad, which ran from somewhere out on Sunset boulevard down to Santa Monica, which was then destined to be one of the greatest shipping points in the west. This locomotive weighed fifteen tons, one of which was its name, "The Providencia." The locomotive which preceded this one, used on the road from San Pedro to Los Angeles, was shipped in by sailing vessel and came 'round the Horn. The fare to Wilmington by this railroad, which began operations in 1869, was \$1.50, and a dollar more down to the steamer anchorage. Phineas Banning was the moving spirit in getting this railroad properly legislated and financed—and it took the S. P. just four years to gobble it up.

ASHTON STEVENS WAS TOO YOUNG FOR THE LADY

YEARS ago, when Ashton Stevens, the playwright, who is in Los Angeles to attend to the production of his first comedy, was a music teacher in San Francisco, a lady who had heard of his excellence along that line, went to the house with her very beautiful debutante daughter. She asked for Mr. Stevens and he entered the room, chatted vivaciously with the two for several moment, when Madame la Mere drew herself up, turned to him and remarked: "Young man, I came to see your father about music lessons for my daughter. May I ask if you make your home here?" Ashton was obliged to confess that he was the teacher whereupon the haughty and nervous dame took her resisting daughter firmly by the sleeve and made for the street. That was the last the music teacher ever saw of them. Later, Mr. Stevens went to one of the big dailies in San Francisco as dramatic critic and he was a marvel at that work but his sister-in-law, Gertrude Atherton, the writer, who has a grudge against the bay city anyway, insisted that he was wasting his time where he was and carried him off, willy-nilly to New York and just see what has come of it. Madame la Mere's impatience with Mr. Stevens' youthful appearance is something which is rarer in these days. Young men are coming (and going) to the front nowadays, and youth is not under such a ban as it used to be.



LIEUTENANT LELAND STANFORD SCHMIDT

One of the first Los Angeles boys to enlist in the Grizzlies. He is now with Battery D, 144th Field Artillery

FROM A BROADWAY WINDOW

By HAMILTON LITTLE

I WANT to commend to your attention a certain traffic cop who stands in sight of my Broadway window. I won't name him, nor even tell you his corner, but you'll know him by his smile. His job is one of the hardest; his hours are of the longest, and his feet are about the weariest in Los Angeles, but still he smiles. Now, one may smile and smile and be a villain, as Bill says, but how about the chap that smiles and smiles and is still human? This particular cop never seems to be ruffled by the traffic; he has a wary eye out for all the corner cutters, but he manages them with a wave of the hand, not with a fierce calldown, and they respect him the more; he dodges the flivvers with a grin, and he passes up the lady drivers with a twinkle. His corner seldom shows a real mixup; his section of the traffic moves smoothly and quietly, and he gives Broadway and the cross street an even break. Most of the traffic cops are excellent, and some of them are superb, but I commend all of them to watch this particular one, who has certainly solved thoroughly a hard task.

WE NOW have an oratorical president to our Chamber of Commerce, and it is likely that our city will be heard from. Not to disparage his predecessors in that office, one yet must confess that Oscar Mueller has the flow of words and of ideas, and the silvery tongue that can deliver them. All he asks is an opportunity—and he will make that if one only lets him be. As to welcoming distinguished guests and visitors, presiding at banquets and speeding on their way eminent personages, Oscar will be right there. As he grew up in Los Angeles, went to the celebrated little red school house that used to cumber the now Mercantile place, and was graduated "in our midst," he knows the city history and tradition by heart, and there will be no bad breaks made by him in referring to its past, as has happened more times than once when a more recently-arrived President has vaunted his ignorance. As a glad hander, Oscar will be there, and as a substantial head for our largest and proudest collection of business men, he will neither be short nor lacking.

MY FRIEND, Otheman Stevens, who is a sort of dean of newspapermen here; a beloved town institution, like the other "Old Baldy" that gleams white and frosty atop, but is warm hearted and kindly, withal—Otheman Stevens, the erudite, the elegant of diction and precise of style; the chooser of rare synonyms and antonyms—but let me quote from his "Seeing Los Angeles," of a recent date: "the other one of the two, who was the best of the two." Ye gods of the grammar! Two mishaps in one brief sentence, and Stevens, the precisionist did them! However, even Homer nodded, they say, but, again Homer was not a critic, not a stylist, not a Sunsetter. The many who have felt the keen barb of the Stevens wit will chuckle at this pair of slips, I am sure, and be much inclined to pillow-ry the perpetrator. Gadzooks! Lindley Murray, please write!

THE drastic order of Harry Garfield, and the demoralization of industry in the east, consequent upon the coal shortage and general congestion, serves again to emphasize the blessedness of living in Los Angeles or Southern California. Not only have we had the mildest winter on record, as against the worst in half a century back there, but even in our coldest weather, we burn little coal; our industries are not dependent upon coal, using oil or gas, and our water power is sufficient to cover all our needs in electricity. Even yet, the benighted east is shut up on Mondays, and is running short handed much of the rest of the time because coal cannot be had. Some day, the land will wake up to the possibilities of this coast, and then I predict a rush to California, and especially to Los Angeles, that will astound the industrial world. "Where Nature helps Industry Most" may yet be a slogan the Chamber of Commerce will emblazon on high with utmost pride.

GERTIE HOFFMAN, apostle of undress on the stage, who has been thrice arrested in the midwest because of her scanty attire behind the footlights, has to say: That women on the streets dress more immodestly than do they on the stage; that on the stage, art is art, and if in art's interests one must shed one's garb, so be it, for that is art also, but on the street, one should keep one's body clad from prying eyes. She affirms that ladies do frequent the public ways in flimsy gowns, cut short fore and aft, above and below, and that her stage girls would be ashamed to be seen in such attire on the sidewalks! (Ahem) Gertie hasn't reached Los Angeles yet this season, though the Orpheum promises her, but if she finds the ladies so décolleté back east, in the below-zero weather there prevailing, what'll Gertie say when she glimpses Broadway here, with the

mercury around 70, the girls around generally, and their clothes so peekaboo and so brief that nothing is now left to imagination or surmise? Let Gertie spend one afternoon up and down Broadway here with our wonderful sunlight and warmth, and we may expect to see her wear blinders, at least.

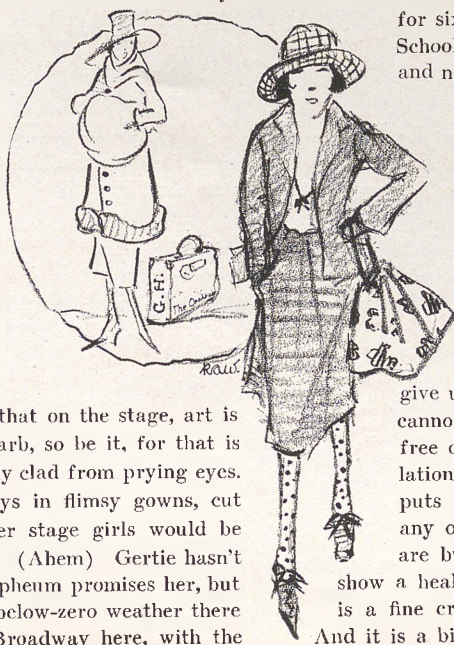
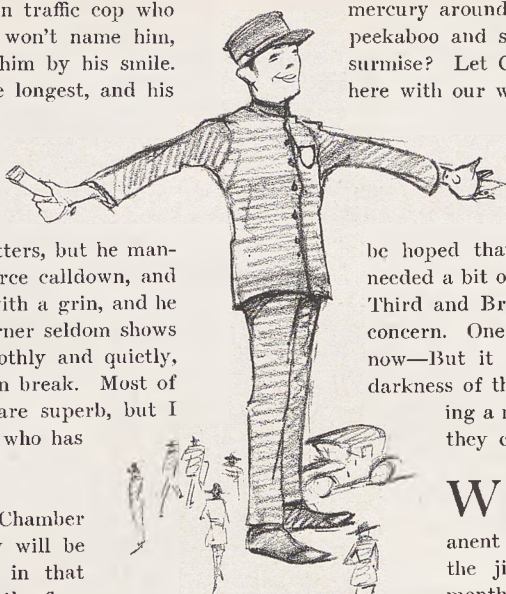
THE City Council has pulled off one whitewashing job that I can thoroughly commend. It was done in the Third Street tunnel, and it is to be hoped that it was thoroughly done, for the old bore sadly needed a bit of camouflage. The lights now glow and gleam about Third and Broadway, and the "million dollar" theatre is a going concern. One corner has been lightened up, thus, but our bankers, now—But it seems to me I pointed out to these financiers the darkness of their ways, once before. And how they were neglecting a mighty good advertising possibility. Oh, well; maybe they can afford not to advertise—if anyone can.

WHEN is a law not a law? When it is voted for by the "peepul." At least, that seems to be the case anent the jitneys. For by a referendum vote, we abolished the jit from our main thoroughfares, and it took six months or more to have the courts tell us that we had succeeded in accomplishing what we had decreed. And no sooner is that verdict received and the jits banished than again, by referendum, we are asked to vote once more on the very same proposition. And, ten chances to a blue chip, we vote 'em in again—not that we want 'em back, but that we'll be too indifferent to go forth and re-condemn them to desuetude. It's the same way with the dry question; we vote one way on it, and that suits nobody; we do it over again, and suit fewer still; we vote 'em out, and we are petitioned to vote 'em in again. Is there no way, I rise to interrogate, whereby we can make a law, see it enforced, and have it stick? Or must we be referendumbed till the cows come home, and get nowhere? Again, I rise to interrogate.

Of course we boost our climate,
With all our might and main;
We speak about its sunshine,
In loud and glad refrain;
Its balminess we shout abroad—
Easterners go insane—
Then sneak we up some alleyway,
And how we pray for rain!

FOR shortsightedness, commend me to the average councilman of Los Angeles. Which remark is provoked by the present collection's decision to abandon Silver Lake Parkway, just after having ordered a street leading to it, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, much of which was unnecessary, and all of which is foolish, now that there will be no park to go to! Can you imagine such lack of co-ordination in an army, and a victory possible? Can you imagine such lack of consideration in business, and avoidance of bankruptcy? Now we are going to have West First street as a boulevard, beginning nowhere and ending in a slough, and that slough is there because we won't make it a park, though a large majority of those most concerned wish it so handled. If a majority could obtain the street, why couldn't a majority retain the park when for six years they had planned their part of town expecting it? Schools, homes, streets, all arranged with that one end in view, and now a bunch of nine councilmen, none concerned in it personally, says that it shall not be. No wonder there is trouble brewing out that way.

HOW that the Earl papers have taken to publishing their daily circulation, that puts all of our dailies on the same basis, and we know where we stand—for who would doubt that they are honest in their claims? Which reminds me that of all foolish purchases of "a pig in a poke," newspaper space buyers are the greatest. They would never think of buying merchandise without count or weight verified, yet they give up a lot of good dollars for space whose real value they cannot even guess, in many instances. This city has been rather free of such blind sales, but the open, public avowal of circulation is now so general that it is gratifying, and it certainly puts the papers here on a better basis than exists in almost any other city. Merchants now can ascertain just what they are buying, and act accordingly. Incidentally, all the papers show a healthy increase of circulation from month to month, which is a fine criterion of the growth of the city, steady and constant. And it is a big black eye for the carpers and pessimists, by the way.



ETCHING—THE INTIMATE MEDIUM

By ARTHUR G. VERNON

IN the critical estimate of etching, we must observe a distinct line of demarcation between the point of view of the collector, and that of the lover of art. The conditions governing a print's documentary qualification but remotely enters the consideration of one who is interested in its quality as a work of fine art. And, as I do not claim the necessary knowledge of collector's lore to speak authoritatively, I will confine myself to the angle of the aesthetic.

Etching and its kindred mediums, engraving and lithography, are regarded through traditions as the most permanent and dignified of the graphic arts. This tradition has undoubtedly sprung from the limited number of prints that are made from good plates, as well as from the fact of the reputation of the old and modern masters who have chosen this medium for the recording of their caprice. In addition, the concern that these artists have given to the more mechanical side of the art must enter as a feature of its relation toward reproductive processes. In turning from their more ponderous oil, tempera or clay to pick up the needle and the burin, they have brought the distinguished thoroughness that has marked their attitude toward the heavier mediums. As a usual thing the master's attitude toward etching is that of play, and this, resulting in spontaneity has brought about the livable and lovable quality, intimacy.

While there may be some argument concerning the adaptability of worthy paintings as house decoration, there is no such limitation to the etching. The nervous strain demanded to live from day to day with a valuable canvas eliminates all but a few vital paintings as possible house decorations. To be candid the only place for the painting of constructive force (with the exception of a few such quiet masters as Corot) is the gallery or the museum. Their projected dynamism and living force forbid them as daily companions. But with an etching one may be intimate and hold loving communion that but accumulates with time; quieting rather than exhausting the nervous resource.

To the fact of the spontaneous approach of the master, we must attribute in part the proportionately few inferior prints on the market. To that, and to the gracious accidentals that result from the indirectness of the medium. The fusion of the inherent qualities of the metal, the ink and the paper, as well as the chances in biting an impression combine in happy results similar to the swift sketch wherein the reaction to the motif has resulted in the painter's forgetfulness of rules and formula. Certain of the great masters have excelled themselves in etching. Meryon, for instance, if his reputation depended upon his painting would now be rarely spoken of, but in the field of etching his name is magic.

The collection at the Little Gallery affords a wide opportunity to study the varied convention adopted by the greater as well as the lesser masters engraver-etcher Durer, Rembrandt the mighty humanist, to me the greatest of all etchers, is amply represented. This fact alone would register my idea of the importance of this show. What I would do to renew my study of his genius, be it drawing, etching or painting, I cannot find hyperbole to suggest. As Student and Master, but never the conscious arriviste, always searching, searching for the dominating line and the essential value, we respect the humble Dutchman, as modern now as then. His objectivity is submerged in an abstraction so large, that no matter how controversial the student may be, he must bow down to the mind that conceived and the brain that executed these world masterpieces. And Whistler, too, is here, the dainty designer, the rare combination of taste and brains. After his earlier period he but rarely resorted to other than merest suggestion to express his whimsical fancy when working with etching or lithography. There seems no end to the great names represented. Meryon the architectural



Rembrandt's Mother, by Rembrandt

Frenchman, Haden, authority on etching and a workmanlike and tasteful etcher himself, Cameron, Muirhead Bone, Hedley Fitton, McBey, all popular moderns, Auguste Lepere the modern French woodcutter as well as etcher, Zorn the virile Swede and Helleu the chic Parisian.

These names must justify my enthusiasm, for rarely are the works of these men even at their weakest utterly devoid of charm, and there are few of this class in the collection. No matter how skeptical the attitude of the visitor, he will find in this collection, material to soothe him and to pacify him into unqualified acceptance. They seem to carry within themselves an inherent capacity to demand the student's sympathy, that the same motif rendered in another medium might not project.

The fact that from each plate a number of impressions are made, make them purchasable where a painting, standing without replica, has a prohibitive price. Only in the case of the older masters, when existing prints from certain of their plates are few, are the prices high. And in this collection there are many charming things

that the most modest purse may afford. And any dwelling may fittingly give sanctuary to an etching. No fear of the violation of good taste need bother the tyro in house furnishing, for, if one lacks the courage of his own taste he may unhesitatingly fall back upon the proved article. Who can deny the position of most of the men represented here? Who will have the temerity to assail the owner of a print of established reputation with the accusation of bad taste? While it does require individuality of tremendous force to accumulate a collection of unproved modern works, the artistically uneducated may unhesitatingly buy the works of the critically accepted men. And they may contribute to their own education in so doing.

Anglers and devotees of the gun and the chase will find much to please and interest them in this exhibition in the old English colored prints shown. It is curious and instructive to observe how firmly fixed in the affections of outdoor men and women these examples of art have become. There is something marvellously quaint in the re-production of the old-time shooting scenes, reminiscent of double-barrelled Joe Manton guns, pheasant covers and days when percussion locks were the very latest device in shooting circles. Looking at these brilliantly colored pictures one can almost see Nathaniel Winkle in his borrowed plumage as a sportsman, Mr. Pickwick peacefully slumbering on the convenient wheel-barrow, and Sam Weller carrying the game through the fields and down the lanes of the England of Dickens' time.

The angling scenes exhibited are also vividly interesting, with excellent examples of trout and jack(pike) fishing, and the intensity of action noticeable in some of them will make the true fisherman's pulses leap with excitement, as he sees the rise of a lusty trout breaking the water in a frenzied attempt to shake the steely barb from his jaws. The landscape effects in all of these prints is most skilfully brought about, with foliage, fields, streams, forest and uplands blending in a harmonious ensemble. The choicest of the old English prints are especially alluring to the lovers of the angle and the fowling-piece, and for color, action, and intermingling of outdoor tints and feeling they are notably artistic.

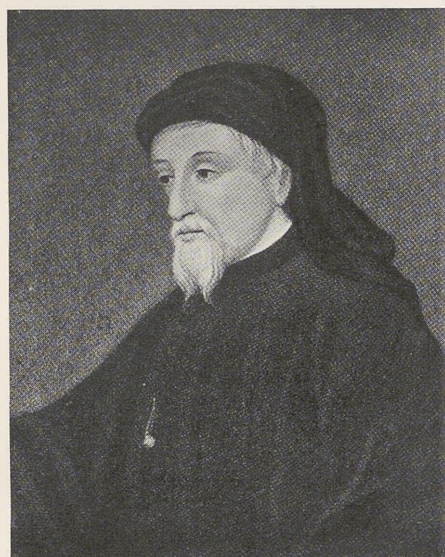
I understand that the management agrees to stand behind the authenticity of any work in the collection. Thus the purchaser is guaranteed in the pedigree of his purchase. This has no effect, of course, upon its aesthetic valuation, but it is worthy as an evidence of good faith. As an event, the exhibition of these prints must be regarded as unusual, and anyone making the slightest claim toward interest in the arts must see it as a matter of course. Opportunities such as this are rare even in cities with far greater claims toward artistic metropolitanism than Los Angeles.



An Essex Farm, by Seymour Hayden

GREAT WRITERS — GEOFFREY CHAUCER

By WILLIAM VAN WYCK



IT seems rather unfortunate that the so-called intellectual members of well-to-do society in the United States do not take kindly to the greater English writers. The Frenchmen of the upper classes feel that they have a proprietary interest in their literary geniuses, but America feels a certain contempt for those writers that they call highbrow. Men like Chambers, Hughes, or Chester get a following and their work becomes ubiquitous; but a man of Chaucer's ability goes unhonored and unsung in this country. Now it happens that Chaucer was a popular writer of

his day, not popular as we know the word, for without a printing-press or general education a writer's popularity had to be rather limited; but his "stuff" was read to the many by the few, or re-told as well as memory could be expected to repeat his tales. Yet this same Chaucer who is a name to so many of us, and an acquaintance of entirely too few of us, wrote of life as he lived it, or as he saw others live it. His delightful and entertaining poetry is filled with those charming and witty episodes that any brilliant man might gather together on a worldly career.

Human nature of fourteenth century England was not unlike human nature of twentieth century England. Customs may have been different, but the fourteenth century Englishmen loved, hated, played, fought, joked, swore, prayed, over-ate or over-drunk much as Englishmen do today. In fact, eighteenth century England would seem as curious to us as Chaucer's England, although the language would be less archaic.

Travelling in Chaucer's time was not the easy thing that it is now. Only royalty, bishops, and nobility could afford carriages, and carriages were long, cushioned, gilded, springless, heavy-wheeled affairs that tended to put a pain in miladi's back or to try the patience of milord, if he elected not to use his "hors." Fourteenth century hotels were air-swept, crowded, cheerless, gloomy, ill-lighted, vermin-infested barns that were not likely to rest one after a day's toiling upon rough and broken roads. Fourteen people crowded into one bedroom was not out of the ordinary and all fourteen might be justly termed members of the great unwashed that stank with the accumulations of the day's swink and behaved in a manner that we should call most unmannerly. In the common eating room boards were laid upon trestles where the diners snatched at such articles of food as they could conveniently grab, while dogs prowled at their heels eager to gulp the scraps that fell from the board and often serving in lieu of napkins. One's neighbor might also serve as a serviette, but this was a delicate and ticklish business, for using one's neighbor's head in this way might mean a dirk thrust savagely into one's vitals. Commodious houses were unknown except among the very wealthy and lucky the person that owned a hall and bower or bedroom and dining room. "My lady's bower" was not an arboreal retreat where lover twanged at a lute, but just a bed-closet where my lady slept as naked as the day that she was born, night-clothing not being a fourteenth century accessory.

Looking at it from across the years, Chaucer's England seems far more charming than it really was, for romance has a way of depicting those things that are romantic, strange as this may appear. There is always an unromantic side. It was easy to lose one's head through the whim of the king, or through the spitefulness of some grudge-bearing tale-carrier. Robbers infested highways and byways that would take a life for the sake of a shilling. Death from foul pestilence lurked in the nooks and crannies of every house in "Engelond." The many were the pack-animals of the few, and justice was a merry game that took the time of high-salaried jokers. Heads impaled on spikes and felons rotting on gallows about the countryside (or the cityside too, for that matter) were a common sight that tried stomach and nostrils. These are some of the tales that romance does not tattle.

But there were compensations; summer afternoons were long and the shadow of the hours passed slowly over the sundial. Life was sweet in many ways. People were not hurried or harried as they are nowadays and the temple of God was less a temple of Mammon than it is today in spite of the fact that ecclesiastic privileges were many and outrageous. The May-pole dance must have been a pretty sight and junketings and pageants and holidays were numerous and picturesque, so Chaucer's England had to be everyman's England and across the years the bright blazon of his genius greets us.

Chaucer led an adventurous life, but the life of a fourteenth century Englishman of means was one that was not conducive to ennui. Between his twelfth and fourteenth year, the poet was forcibly kidnapped, the object being to marry him to Joan of Westhale. However, the kidnappers were unsuccessful and they had to pay a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds for their pains. Later we see Chaucer in the house of the Countess of Ulster, and still later serving in France somewhere near Rheims in an unlucky campaign. In 1370, he goes abroad in the service of the king and this is a turning point in his career, for it is during his Italian sojourn that he comes under the influence of the Renaissance and possibly becomes acquainted with Boccaccio and Petrarch. Whether he met these famous men or not, is a mooted question, but at any rate he was spellbound by their writings, thereby becoming a prime factor in the Renaissance of England, earning the title, the Father of modern English (a misnomer by the way). The influence of Italy on Chaucer is one of the important events of his life, since it is due to this influence that he is the greatest early Renaissance English writer and one of the great writers of the Renaissance.

Now what is this Renaissance of which we hear so much? Not only is the word used ad nauseam, but it is often misused. How does one distinguish between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance? There is no distinct line of demarcation between them. In fact, they overlap. The influence of the Middle Ages was felt far into the Renaissance and during the latter part of the Middle Ages many Renaissance tendencies were to be found. Roughly speaking, the distinction between the two is the distinction between autocratic and democratic thinking. The Middle Ages were ages of intellectual authority, ages when the people could not think for themselves, but were directed by a pitiless and domineering Church that was the State, or State that was the Church. Therefore, when the Renaissance burst upon the world in a blaze of glory and men began to think for themselves, a mighty exuberance of thought was the logical result. Also the Reformation was an inevitable consequence of thinking for one's-self. But to continue: Chaucer became Comptroller of Customs and Subsidies for the City of London and for many years enjoyed the favor of his sovereign as well as the favor of John of Gaunt. Toward the end of his life he was to feel the bite of poverty and a complaint addressed to his purse brought a further pension from Henry the Fourth, Edward's successor. Soon after he had received the first quarterly payment from this pension, he died. This very sketchy outline of the life of one of England's greatest men is just to give the reader a slight idea of the activities of the most remarkable poet of fourteenth century England.

The Canterbury Tales form about two-fifths of Chaucer's work. These stories are not particularly original. Many of them have been taken from Boccaccio or from earlier popular writers, but plagiarism was not a fourteenth century sin, as books were few and far between and the people cared much for stories and little for authors. A teller of tales was always eagerly listened to. Therefore, a recounting of *Patient Griselda* or a curtailing of *Palamon and Arcite* would naturally be welcomed. It is impossible to discuss all of the tales as space does not permit, but the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales* contains some of the most beautiful verse and finest character-drawing to be found in the work of the poet and it offers a treasure-trove of subjects for discussion. Here touchstones are numerous, and it is difficult to choose for *embarrasement de richesse*.

The sweet breath of Zephyrus that inspires the tender crops in every holt and heath is exquisitely descriptive of an English spring, and those of us who have heard the nightingale cannot help but have sympathy with those "smalé fowlés" that "maken melodye"

"That slepen all the nyght with open eyé."

The Knight is a fine gentleman, tenderly dealt with and thoroughly understood. There is scarcely a finer picture of English chivalry than Chaucer's Knight, but one just loves his son—that "Yong Squiér"

"A love and a lusty bacheler,
.....And born him weel, as of so litel spacé,
In hope to stonden in his lady gracé."

This last is the reason for nearly every knightly deed since the world began. All of us hope to stand in the good graces of the lady of our choice, and this is as true today as it was then, except where suffragettes are concerned. Our squire is charmingly human, too—

"So hote he lovéd that by nyghtertalé
He sleep namo than doth a nyghtyngalé."

A young fellow must love heatedly indeed to have so many maids to serenade that he needs must sing before the windows of his ladyloves the whole night through and well he may be likened unto the nightingale provided that his voice holds out.

The Prologue is filled with splendid character-sketches and the people of the pilgrimage are a motley crowd, as motley a crew as might be found on one of those long trains that used to rush Lourdes-ward in August. We journey with people of high and low degree and we get an insight into the high and low tastes of fourteenth century England.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

*Fair castles of Forgetfulness
Whose joyous banners wave
Upon the strand of reason
Which Fancy's waters lave,
Whose murmur and whose music
Make glad some all our days
And fill our nights with dreaming
As we travel bookish ways.*

*Fair castles of Forgetfulness
Whose warders stand at rest
Upon the high and guarded shelves
That hold the ones loved best;
Whose damsels and whose lovers
Go wandering hand in hand
Adown the dim, poetic lanes
That lead to Fairy land.*

The simplest way of meeting most of the difficulty of the street and the neighbor is to compromise—to divide the grounds into the 'street side' and the 'garden side';—and on the street side to promote the general welfare—while at the back of the house one may—make garden to suit himself," for—

"A garden is a lovable thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
"Of peace; and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

The Joyous Art of Gardening, Frances Duncan. Scribner's.

THAT "A Boy's will is the Wind's will and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," has been very keenly realized by Ralph Henry Barbour, who has been read, revered and referred to in terms of capitalization by the boys of varied types and ages for a goodly number of years, and in not much less degree of enthusiasm by the girls; and what more delightful and satisfactory way to remain eternally young than by ministering to the minds and literary palates of youth.

Don't you remember with what joy you read those ripping stories *Weatherby's Inning* and *Captain of the Crew* if you were a boy—and how you "simply adored" the *Crimson Sweater* and *Tom, Dick and Harriet* if you chanced to have been a girl reader? Nor has Mr. Barbour confined himself to the young and growing folk however, for he is a person of much versatility, having started his career by writing short stories and poems under the nom de plume of Richard Stillman Powell; and also being the author of numerous love stories, among them *Phyllis of Bohemia*, *Kitty of the Roses*, *Lady Laughter*, and *The Lilac Girl*. Ralph Henry Barbour might be safely styled both a baseball and football fan, and his many books on those two subjects Baedeker's of information on these popular sports. His last book is *Hitting the Line*, published by D. Appleton and Company.



Ralph Henry Barbour, author of children's books and romances.

MANY of our readers will be ready to give a warm welcome to a "Book of first aid to the amateur gardener; and if they secure a copy of Frances Duncan's attractive book, they are not likely to be disappointed. Written for dwellers in the East, where there is a cold winter and a hot summer, much of the advice has to be modified and adjusted to conditions in California; but the fundamentals are well presented, and a gardener who has not the common sense to read between the lines of instructions is hardly one to score a success. The two great problems in American gardens are, how best to change the back yard into a place of beauty, or at least remove its ugliness; and, secondly how to turn refuse to purposes of utility. On both these subjects the author is sound and helpful as well as on color harmony. "Besides the general aspect of the street," she remarks in Chapter II, "there is a neighbor to consider; for how can a peacefully inclined suburbanite plant crimson rambler roses on a trellis while within three feet are *grandiflorum* rhododendrons, the magenta blossoms of which will fight the roses as long as a petal stays on the bush? And if he plants to harmonize with his neighbor and the street, where is the fun of gardening?"

THOMAS WOOLNER, English sculptor and poet, was an important factor of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, and a volume which has been prepared about him by his daughter, Amy Woolner, giving the story of his life mainly by means of his letters, diaries and other intimate documents, not only affords a biography of him, but passes in review the aims and efforts and achievements of that school of art, and gives vivid glimpses of all the famous men and women in English art, literature, politics and social life during the most brilliant years of the Victorian era. Among his good friends with whom he was in correspondence and whose letters are reproduced in the volume were the Tennysons, the Rossettis, the Carlyles, the Gladstones, Edward Fitzgerald, Darwin, Froude, Browning, Coventry Patmore, Cardinal Newman, and many others. The volume, which is ready for issue by E. P. Dutton & Co., is copiously illustrated with reproductions of his sculptures. Among these are busts of Gladstone, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Kingsley, statues of Bacon, Captain Cook and others. E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE *Bolsheviki and World Peace*, by Leon Trotsky, who is modestly termed "the foremost statesman in Europe," is a book of about 240 pages of lucidly incomprehensible verbiage about war, peace, socialism and Bolsheviki-ism. Mr. Trotsky has seized the psychological moment

when he is leading the Bolsheviki minority to deliver himself of a book. Yesterday it was Kerensky who was "high man" in the Russian maelstrom; today it is Trotsky. Who-sky and What-sky it will be tomorrow-sky nobody can tell-sky! Not even Kerensky nor Trotsky. A day or two ago the peace-loving and fraternal Bolsheviki entered a hospital and killed a couple of Kerensky's former ministers in their beds. And if Kerensky returns to power, he will very likely make it exceedingly interesting for the said "killers." There is an introduction to this book by a Mr. Lincoln Steffens, (whoever he may be), which is even more uninteresting than Mr. Trotsky's elucidation of the Marxian system of socialism. A book by some one who had really brought order out of the Russian chaos would be an epoch-making volume, but these "one-night-stand" artists who are appearing and disappearing so rapidly and so frequently in Petrograd have no special license to rush into print because of a little brief notoriety. It will be time enough to print a book about "world-peace" when that era arrives. Guesses, suppositions, inferences and other gossip can be pardoned the newspapers, but war history is not due yet. Boni and Liveright, New York.

NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W FRANCIS GATES

LAST week a very important personage made his debut at the Trinity Auditorium, a personage quite old, and yet as new as a new-born babe. Pierrot the wayward, the pleasure-loving, appeared before us in a new guise, a Pierrot without a trace of his former conventions and convictions, pale with the pallor of suffering rather than that of rice powder. The war has done much for this old Pierrot who has delighted us for six centuries. He has lost his heartless grace and taken on a new dignity. His bearing is that of a man tried beyond endurance. This sainted clown and holy jester is a figment of the mind of Yvette Guilbert and to him she has given all of the depth and color of her glowing genius. Our new Pierrot is a poor wanderer, starved in body and in soul. He is as a Christ weeping before Jerusalem. He has seen what the sodden and purse-proud ways of man have brought about, and weeps for humanity. He meets the Christ and in pity warns him to keep away from the haunts of man lest he fare worse than in the days when he was rack-hung for truth-telling. To describe Madame Guilbert's rendition of her conception of the new Pierrot is almost impossible, as her art is beyond description or praise, too, for that matter. Her genius is such as to render any attempt to depict it, banal. It seems almost desecration to attempt to describe the realism of her grief. Her final outburst of emotion is the sobbing of one in soul-agony. She tears at one's heart-strings and leaves one weak with misery. She portrays the sorrows of the year, and her acting is not acting, but grim, awful, terrible, heart-breaking realism. Voice and movement combine in perfect exposition of fathomless despair. Her exquisite hands flicker in pantomime of endless crucifixion. The marvelous voice of her is pregnant with grief-o'-the-world. Words do not paint the pitiful and woeful spectacle of her misery-struck Pierrot. She is the greatest interpreter of human emotion before the public today, combining the art of Bernhardt, of Duse, and of Rejane. One can say no more. Fortunately for the audience, Madame Guilbert was too kind to leave them with so terrible an impression as her new Pierrot gives, so this interpretation was followed by others in lighter vein. One song that she sang was so perfectly charming that one almost wept for sheer joy of art. In this little song she portrayed a maiden with three young suitors and one older aspirant, the village schoolmaster. The presentation was a veritable *tour de force*. Although she wore a costume of the time of Moliere, she suggested a Watteau or a Fragonard picture. In spite of a normal make-up suitable for a woman of middle years, Madame Guilbert managed to give the impression of a girl of seventeen. She carried a sash which she used in a remarkable manner. First it served as a skipping-rope and then as a swing. The impression that she gave of a swing was one of the most beautifully graceful pictures that I have ever seen on the stage. Imagine a pretty seventeen-year-old Miss idly swinging on a May morning in one of the gardens of Versailles. As she swings she is exuberant, impudent youth, careless and carefree, a-dreaming day-dreams. The whole picture occupies a space of a few seconds—youth incarnate and the art of Yvette Guilbert—a glorious combination. In spite of her years, Madame Guilbert has the heart of eternal youth. I am well aware of the fact that this miserable appreciation does not do justice to the genius of Yvette Guilbert in any way, but before her art, I am as word-tied as a bashful boy is tongue-tied in the presence of his lady-love. Before her art, I am reverential, awe-inspired, and adoring. If one wishes to read more adequately of her, Arthur Symonds' book—*Plays, Acting, and Music*, contains an excellent article on her art. But so far, no writer has done justice to this wonderful Frenchwoman, with

the heart of a child, and a genius for interpreting humanity in all its phases. w. v. w.

EFRAM Zimbalist, in his recital at Trinity Auditorium last week, showed good reason why he is among the leading eight or ten violinists on the American concert platform. There is no doubt but added age, while it detracts from the sensationalism of a performer's appearance, adds to the breadth of his conceptions. Opening with the Caesar Franck sonata for piano and violin, he had a number that was for the scholastic musician, a not too interesting selection, but one which called for large ability, especially on the part of the pianist, Mr. Chotzinoff. Zimbalist seemed to make even a better impression than when last here with the New York orchestra, having apparently a warmer tone with his wealth of technical ability. His

Paganini concerto and the Sarasate "Zapatado" were gems of virtuosity, reeking with difficulties comfortably and completely surmounted. Nothing better than the artist's handling of the harmonies in the Paganini concerto has been heard here in years. And the player's seeming unconsciousness of his great ability adds to the impressiveness of his playing. Novelties by Tor Aulin and various encore numbers were played with all polish of detail. The pianist must have more than a word of praise, for his work in a number of the selections was in no way secondary in artistic value to that of his principal. The large audience was appropriately enthusiastic and at last reports, Zimbalist was still giving encores.



Theo. Karle, American Tenor, Trinity Auditorium, Feb. 26 and March 2

EVERY season witnesses the arrival of a new star in the musical firmament; this year in the vocal world Theo. Karle, a young American tenor, has attracted widespread attention, from both critics and public. Said to be gifted with a rarely beautiful, natural voice, even in register and extremely flexible, a wholesome, charming personality, this young artist has within five years secured a most enviable reputation with the concert going public. His ability to make the simple songs which the public love best gemlike in their beauty, and at the same time satisfy the teacher and critic, has made him one of the popular artists of the younger generation. Many hesitated at attending the recent recitals given by Reinald Werrenrath, the American baritone, because they were, in a measure, unacquainted with

his work, and consequently missed two of the most satisfying concerts of the year. The same applies to Theo. Karle's appearances at Trinity Auditorium, Tuesday evening Feb. 26, and Saturday matinee, March 2nd. He has proven himself able and satisfactory in the East, is an American, and deserves the support of the public of the West.

THERE are features of the selection of music for symphony orchestra performances on which the public has little information. In choosing music for a piano, vocal, or violin recital, all the performer has to do is to order his music, from catalogue or personal knowledge, and pay the bill. This may be at the rate of from fifty cents to two dollars for each piece and many of them, the Beethoven sonatas and the Chopin works, for instance will not cost over ten or fifteen cents each, in the best collected editions. Even a novelty, will not cost more than a dollar or two.

But with an orchestra, the story is different. In the first place the European supply is cut off. The programs must be made up of what the New York dealers had on hand at the beginning of the war. And as to the expense: for an orchestral performance there must be a complete score for the conductor, a book of 100 to 200 large pages giving in full the parts

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

WITH the departure of so many of our young "fighting men" for France, Los Angeles is welcoming back a number of young matrons who will remain here during the time that their husbands are at the battle front. Up at American Lake, in San Francisco, down at San Diego, to the Southern cantonments and way east to the Atlantic coast, these patriotic young wives, many of them brides, have accompanied their husbands. And then when they have bravely smiled them God speed in their great adventure, these young wives are one by one hastening back to their homes here, to wait—not in idleness, but with busy fingers, knitting, bandage-making and performing other Red Cross activities that shall aid in the great cause. Governor and Mrs. Stephens have as their guests their daughter, Mrs. Randolph Zane and their winsome little granddaughter, Margery. Mrs. Zane, during the time that her husband, Captain Zane, was stationed in the east, remained near him in Washington, where she and their young daughter were guests at the home of Captain Zane's parents, Admiral and Mrs. Zane. When Captain Zane was ordered to France, Mrs. Zane awaited word of his safe arrival across the water, then came westward to join her parents in Sacramento. She stopped over in Los Angeles, visiting with her aunt, Mrs. John K. Wilson, but owing to the delay in trains, her sojourn here was limited to a few hours. Later with her little daughter, Mrs. Zane plans to come down to Los Angeles for a more extended sojourn, when a host of her intimate friends will greet her. Among the many attractive "war-brides," who are visiting in the homes of their parents just now are Mrs. James Gilmore Leovy, formerly Miss Katherine Barbour. She will remain several weeks as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Barbour, later joining her husband, Lieutenant Leovy, U. S. A., at Fort Sill, in Oklahoma. Mrs. Lloyd George Schultz, formerly Miss June Braun, is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun. Lieutenant Schultz is also stationed for the present at Fort Sill, so that Mrs. Schultz' visit is only a sort of hurried greeting to her parents and friends here, when she will return to join her soldier husband. Mrs. William Rose Gibbon, whose marriage to Lieutenant Gibbon was an event of interest not long ago, is another to return temporarily to the parental roof. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Cottle. These are only a few of the young "war brides" who are in our midst. Others are scattered to every corner of the United States, remaining near the side of their young warriors until there comes that expected call that shall send them across the seas.

A wedding which is soon to take place and one that will be of much interest to Los Angeles society as well to eastern folk is that of Miss Dorothy Davidge and Mr. John Bowman Cotton, and if plans do not go awry will be an event of next Tuesday, February 26. Miss Davidge is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Davidge of Short Hills, New Jersey, who with their two at-

tractive daughters, the bride-elect and Miss Elizabeth Davidge are passing the winter at Beverly Hills Hotel. Mr. Cotton, more familiarly called "Jack," has been attending the Aviation school at Berkeley and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cotton, who are also guests at Beverly Hills Hotel. The marriage will be solemnized at one of the Beverly Hotel bungalows, with Rev. Baker P. Lee officiating minister. Miss Elizabeth Davidge will be her sister's maid of honor and Miss Elcey Cole of Greenwich, Connecticut, who has been passing the winter in Florida, has come on to serve as bridesmaid. Just where the young couple will

John C. McCoy and family of South Harvard boulevard. Mrs. Stephens, who before her marriage was Miss Margaret Nelson of Boonville, was one of the belles of Missouri and is still a beautiful as well as charming woman. She and Mrs. McCoy are cousins and attended school together. Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and their niece, Miss Barnes, will pass the remainder of the winter in California. After a visit in Los Angeles they plan to go to Coronado for a month returning to Los Angeles for a brief visit before returning home.

Miss Elizabeth Ward, who with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ward of Aberdeen, South Dakota, are passing the winter in Los Angeles, will be the complimented guest at a charmingly arranged luncheon with which Mrs. Lois Sheedy of South Kenmore avenue will entertain tomorrow. The hostess and her guest of honor were classmates at Sweet Briar Seminary, Virginia, and others of the invited guests formerly attended Sweet Briar. A color motif of red, white and blue, will be carried out in the decorations, flags and spring flowers being tastefully used. A Jack Horner pie will center the table and place cards adorned with hatchets will bear the names of the guests who are to be, Mrs. Pascal Henry Burke, Mrs. Jack Blystone, Mrs. J. H. Chapman, Mrs. H. D. Hyde, Mrs. J. J. Wilson, Mrs. Nairn Rivers, Mrs. Ted Geissler, Mrs. Virginia Hum, Mrs. Frank Curry and Miss Alma Von der Lohe.

The lure of California and particularly the southland is constantly bringing back to us those who have wandered from our midst pro tem. A host of friends of Mrs. Lloyd George Schultz, who will be better remembered as Miss June Braun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Braun of South Harvard boulevard, are just now extending her a warm welcome, as she is back in Los Angeles for a few weeks' visit with her parents. The marriage of Lieutenant Schultz and Miss Braun took place in San Antonio, Texas, early in December, being one of the "war weddings" of particular interest among Los Angeles younger set. Shortly after their marriage, Lieutenant Schultz was ordered to Fort Sill, and only a few days after arriving at the field post in Okla-

homa, Mrs. Schultz was stricken with an attack of measles. Mrs. Braun went to Fort Sill to be with her daughter, and as soon as the latter was able to travel, Mrs. Braun and her daughter came on to Los Angeles. Before her marriage Mrs. Schultz was one of the active Red Cross workers and as soon as she is fully recovered will enter heartily into the war work again in Los Angeles until she returns to Fort Sill to join her husband, which will be in a few weeks.

Among the distinguished visitors in Southern California, no one has aroused more keen interest than the anticipated visit of the Earl of Dunmore, who is expected to arrive next Saturday. Alexander Edward Murray is the eighth Earl of Dunmore and a member of one of the oldest families of England, and has been decorated three times for valor on the battlefield. While in Southern

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Robbins

MISS MARIE MCCOY

Attractive daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John C. McCoy of Los Angeles and a popular member of the young society set. She loves all out-of-door sports, but her interests are particularly centered in Red Cross work and gardening

make their home following their marriage is quite uncertain, all depending upon where Mr. Cotton is ordered for war service. The wedding will be a quiet affair, with only relatives and a few friends witnessing the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cotton of Deming, New Mexico, the former a brother of the bridegroom-to-be, have arrived from their home for the wedding. Mrs. Cotton was formerly Miss Edna Peyton, and she and her husband will be the guests of Mrs. Cotton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton of Westlake avenue, while in Los Angeles.

Among the prominent visitors in Los Angeles just now are former Governor Lon B. Stephens of Missouri and Mrs. Stephens, who are accompanied by their attractive niece, Miss Maurine Barnes of St. Louis. The party arrived last Saturday and while here will be the house guests of Dr. and Mrs.



Exposition de Luxe Spring Millinery

—A master's expression of the choicest hyperbole that adorns the English language would fall far short of doing justice to these rarely beautiful new spring hats—inspired art creations in the truest sense of the word. They make ardent appeal to that latent something in every woman's heart, which comes to the surface in sympathetic response to that which embodies style achievement utterly beyond expectation.

—It is not too much to say that each hat in the collection is worthy of feature mention in the proudest position in this magazine. However, the best we can do at this time is to briefly describe two or three selected at random.

—For instance, this stunning Gerhardt model is one of the handsomest sailors that ever crossed the continent; a dashing beauty of black peanut braid combined with black satin, set off with burnt ostrich pom pom.

—Refusing to be overlooked this transparent horse hair bonnet bids you pause in admiration—black with corn flowers under crown, interlined with tulle and finished with New Blue velvet band.

—This beautiful large, soft brimmed Leghorn, with crown and top of brim covered with salmon pink taffeta, with French flowers to match, carries the breath of spring in every exquisite curve and line.

—One of the season's fairest is this charming sand color sailor of Georgette with the smartest feather trimming imaginable in white and black majestically sweeping around the entire side of the hat.

Second Floor.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Broadway at Ninth

WOMENS' CLUBS

BEING a club woman these days is certainly tantamount to being a human dynamo of patriotic energy. How many of our leading club women manage to crowd into one little cycle of twenty-four hours the multitudinous and various civic and patriotic interests that they do accomplish, is nothing short of marvelous. One prominent club woman, finds time, somehow, somehow, to take a most active and enthusiastic part in her club duties, which are of responsible importance. Then she is busily engrossed in Red Cross work, not only that of her own club's auxiliary, but in outside fields as well. Now on top of all this, she has managed somehow to extend the scope of her energy to the Y. W. C. A.'s big civic-patriotic campaign to raise \$55,000, which is now in the midst of its eight-days' whirl-wind course to be concluded February 27. These are only a part of the interests to which this well known club woman is giving of her time, with her own domestic responsibilities equally as well taken care of. Knitting and a bit of social life in the way of recreation also find a place in the crevices of her calendar. We mention no names, for in citing this one leading club woman's activities, almost inexhaustible in their scope, we but parallel those of many other of Los Angeles' feminine citizens. How do they find time to accomplish it all! The way some of these women systematize their days would provide a most exemplary example for many a business man.

by which the women of Boston keep "tab" on the City Fathers. Complete city council reports are furnished to the Women's Municipal League with information as to the individual councilmen's action. When these gentlemen come up before the city for re-election their past records are thereby laid before their constituents. The City Council, the Supervisors and conditions prevalent in the county hospital also furnished food for thought and discussion.

THE Ebell Club this last Monday enjoyed its book review program, which event proved one of the pleasurable affairs of the month. Nowadays the club programs are so impregnated with the great world-events, that an occasional one of literary or musical interest offers a mental recreation that is much needed. However, something of the great conflict of nations pervaded the program after all for Mrs. John S. Thayer discussed two of the most talked of books of the day, books written from the very heart of the seething battlefields by men who have been immersed in the thickest of the big maelstrom. These were "Over the Top" by Guy Empey and "All in It" by Major Beith (Ian Hay). Mrs. Randolph W. Hill gave an interesting talk on Brander Mathews's, "These Many Years." Monday, February 25, the Ebell Club's program will feature a lecture on "Women of France" by Madame Simone Puget, widow of the late Andre Puget, who was killed on May 9, 1915 in a bayonet charge at Neuville—St. Vaast.

WOMAN should retain her reputation as being an "unknown quantity" to mankind, even, yea, even in the big world of politics. This is the viewpoint expressed by Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, chairman of the Public Affairs committee of the Friday morning club. She urged that women's votes, if they remain a mysterious uncertainty which cannot be exploited by the political machines, will have a most stabilizing effect upon politics. The parties will be kept guessing, promising and perhaps fulfilling their promises, Mrs. Tolhurst set forth. The subject of "Running for Office" from a woman's side of the question elicited several other interesting viewpoints. Mrs. Tolhurst also declared that it was immeasurably important that the right type of woman be chosen for candidate. No woman, she thought, should be given the support of the club women of the city for any office unless that woman was thoroughly qualified to uphold the reputation of her sex in sane, level-headed and broad-minded thinking. Mrs. E. K. Foster concurred with Mrs. Tolhurst, while Mrs. Emma L. Reed deprecated the choice of such women for candidates as craved the excitement of public life. One of the principal discussions was that given by Mrs. M. H. Pehr, who related her experiences on a recent eastern trip. She told in interesting manner of her investigations of many eastern institutions, the cleanliness of the New York Tombs prison; of the ordinances and civic reforms in other cities, which Los Angeles might well emulate. Mrs. Pehr particularly praised a neat little plan

BY PLEDGING itself to raise \$800 toward the erection of a vocational training home for women, the Woman's City Club has entered with scarcely a dissenting vote into one of the big humanitarian movements of the day. The Club at its meeting Monday of last week voted to raise this sum by whatsoever means the appointed committee decides. The last \$50 has been promised by Mrs. E. R. Brainerd and Mrs. Rose P. Bryant. All the money is to be spent on materials, as the plumbers' and the carpenters' unions have volunteered to donate their labor and the City Mothers will provide the furniture. Under the godmotherhood of the Woman's City Club the weaker sisters will be given this opportunity to train for a trade or profession. It will enable them to become self-supporting, self-respecting and in time of need it will insure them the friendly support and encouragement of the women who are backing the project. Among these latter who are giving of their heartiest support are Mrs. E. R. Brainerd, Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. Frances Noel, Mrs. O. P. Clark, Mrs. Lottie Stearns, Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Dr. Lulu H. Peters and Mrs. L. L. Leighton.

"Railroads in War Time" was the subject of a timely talk given before the Woman's City Club this last Monday, by E. O. Edgerton, one of the state railroad commissioners.

THE tenth annual conference of the California Daughters of the American Revolution, has just been concluded after a brilliant and most in-

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NEW YORK LETTER

By SHERLEY HUNTER

New York, February 12th, 1918.

NEW YORK acts suspiciously, as though it has the touch of the gripe—chills and fever. Old Knickerbocker will no more than get settled in his easy rocker from the scare of the heatless edict than the first big returns from the front will come in. Plainly his confidence is quite unshaken in commerce, society and amusement.

Society, without mentioning names, bravely tries to go through its regular "closed until spring" routine. Widowers who have buried worldly wives are betrothed to ladies who still believe in high-neck nightgowns and a hell. Bachelors of years, reserve and good taste are disgracefully getting into trouble over Baby Blue Eyes. Here and there a pleasure-loving coterie lifts its eyebrows with a "I told you so!" at what is supposed to be a surprise "in parting-ways" announcements. Muscular young officers of aristocracy are marrying shop-girls and embarrassing their families. The same old story is not quite so much of a spirited same old way. It is hoped—particularly by the shop-keeper—that as Easter draws near, society will bow to what is, is and what is not to be will not be" and therefore new gowns and bonnets are alright-o, which is exactly right-o.

New York is quite stirred up over a certain book, recently published, that has derogatory remarks to make. One newspaper editorial takes considerable space to state that New York is the crystallization of the country in most ways and must bear the responsibility of being looked up to in others.

Art lovers have received an opportunity to follow the trail of Clyde Fitch's trek through Europe. Recently this good tasted man's collection of objects gathered in England, France and Italy were placed on exhibition in the American Art Galleries and the proceeds given to the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. Indeed it was a treat as those who know Clyde Fitch can well imagine. Portions were offered to the Metropolitan Museum such as an entire room and paintings by Roger Van der Weyden.

You just ought to have seen the boys in army coats, fixed bayonets and regulation winter caps swing along Fifth Avenue a week ago yesterday. No one would have believed that the young civilians, with anything but a military carriage, who carried little flags in the Preparedness Parade last summer could be made into ready-and-right soldiers in this period of time. Three thousand of them from Camp Yaphank, or Upton, poured by us—almost fit to tear "over the top."

Ginghams have decided to "go into society" state many dry goods advertisements. If you cannot procure gingham why seek silk prints that look like gingham—the effect is the idea, and gingham is very rare in some places, may be there.

Housewives now carry shopping knapsacks for groceries as well as dry goods. Can you see Fifth Avenue with here and there a peeking potato's eye

or a sprig of vegetable leaves or warm red tomato peering at you from the cover of her bulging knapsack? Imagine the gingerly manner of the woman with the knapsack filled with eighty-cent eggs!

Mrs. Alfred C. Vanderbilt is one of the most active and interested women workers at the Red Cross work rooms in Palm Beach. On the other hand the Pekingese Club show at the Plaza Hotel was made interesting by Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt and her mother, Mrs. Frederic Neilson.

The army in France receives its mail in 15 to 30 days from New York, according to a statement made here of an official nature. Several of the soldiers, before sailing for France, mailed themselves a quantity of valentines addressed in disguised hands—for the psychological effect on their friends when they get there—and they expect to beat the valentines over the sea.

Hardware stores state that the sale of lanterns has increased since Broadway went dark. You carry your lantern into the theatre and then use it to find your motor when the show is over.

After being told that her husband, Captain Leslie Chatfield, was killed in Flanders, after being engaged to a wealthy young real estate man, Josie Collins learns that her husband is alive—more, that he heard of her engagement upon leaving the hospital and so returned to the front. Fawney!

Isidora Duncan waits to sail for dear France. It was said she met financial straits in San Francisco, if you will remember, all of her company's funds were absconded, and a newspaper man escorted her back to New York.

I have watched and waited for Alan Dale's review of his own play, "The Madonna of the Future," written in the unshackled acid bite of his long ago. Have you seen anything? The theme is quite the vogue right now—more easy to talk of than to carry out for most of us, however—woman's right to maternity without putting the slip-noose about her neck, you understand?

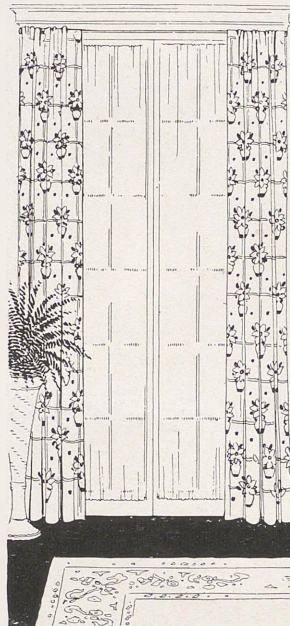
"Josephine" at the Knickerbocker Theatre reminds one of G. B. S. and "The Man of Destiny" and presents Arnold Daly and brings back Virginia Harned—they are worth seeing and make the play.

In "Girl o' Mine" at the Bijou there is a Dorothy Dickson, a sprite with sensual feet.

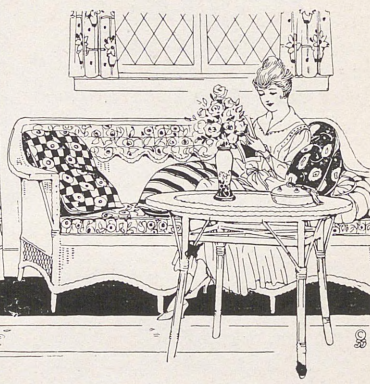
In "Seven Days' Leave" the peculiar juxtaposition of George Cohan's "Over There" and "Onward Christian Soldiers" strikes one as peculiar—but it is realism. "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Over There" have become the battle-songs of our trenches so I learned in a letter from an officer.

Amelita Galli-Curci is the greatest coloratura soprano since—I fear to say it—Patti. She is the ideal for other comparisons, persuasion, purity, velvetiness, color, technic, execution, temperament and natural beauty of tone—I cannot say what I want to, Galli-Curci is exquisiteness.

*Exquisitely Interpreting
California's Spirit of
Comfortable Informality—
Expressing Airy Coolness
and Sunshiny Warmth.*



Reed and
Fiber
Furniture



Barker's much-admired "Quality Reed" and other charming woven and decorated wood informal furniture are

*—more attractively and spaciouly
"at home"
now in our new annex*

More space for these fascinatingly "homey" types of furniture!—More windows to let in the sunbeams to play upon cool natural wicker and to burnish the rich tints of artistically stained pieces!—More light to show you how delightful are the designs and how beautiful the colorings of brightly bizarre or quaintly dainty upholsteries!

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SOcially speaking, this season is seemingly an extremely quiet one. Most of the affairs being given might be termed "knitting" teas, "knitting" luncheons or "knitting" between dances, society apparently being a bit more serious this year than ever before. Merely doing things for the pleasure one gets out of it is—well—perhaps, in poor taste, for the smart set, as well as all social sets are really doing things now for the benefit to be derived from the affair and to further the interests of some war relief or some needed local charity. However, this is not altogether a joyless season—far from it—since scarcely a day goes by but that some delightful party is given. A charming hostess of yesterday was Miss Marie McCoy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John C. McCoy of South Harvard boulevard, who entertained with a prettily appointed luncheon complimenting her house guest, Miss Maurine Barnes of St. Louis. The small tables at which the guests were seated were adorned with dainty baskets of mixed spring blossoms. Following the luncheon the afternoon was passed in chatting and knitting. Invited to meet this charming visitor and guest of honor were Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Edwin L. Stanton, Mrs. Eugene Payson Clark, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss Byrd Wallis, Miss Harvie Wallis, Miss Cecil Call, Miss Margaret Duncan, Miss Agnes Britt, Miss Gladys Lobinger, Miss Katherine Kirkpatrick, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Charlotte Winston, Miss Marion Wignore, Miss Reavis Hughes, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Margaret Leonard, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Marion Kerckhoff, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff and Miss Eleanor Workman. Miss McCoy was assisted in entertaining her guests by her mother, Mrs. John C. McCoy and Mrs. Lon B. Stephens. A little later Mrs. McCoy plans to entertain with a pretty afternoon tea in honor of Mrs. Stephens, wife of former Governor Stephens, of Missouri, who are her house guests.

Another delightful post-nuptial affair was given in compliment to Mrs. Josiah Lee Dabbs a few days ago when Mrs. Thomas Harbeson of Fifth avenue, Los Angeles, entertained with a reception at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Frank Harbeson of West Adams street. A pink and white color motif was carried out in the decorations of the rooms and about two hundred responded to invitations for the occasion. Assisting the hostess in the receiving line were, Mrs. Dabbs, the guest of honor, her mother, Mrs. Marion Cornwall, Mrs. Frank Harbeson, Mrs. Harry Purdon, Mrs. Ben F. Goodrich and Miss Madeline Purdon. Mrs. Dabbs was formerly Miss Norma Cornwall and her marriage to Mr. Dabbs took place last October in San Francisco. Following the wedding Mr. Dabbs and his bride left for New York, where they passed several weeks and but recently returned to Los Angeles.

Two important engagements to be recently announced are those of Miss Amy Morrison and Miss Blanche Chisholm, both charming Pasadena girls. Miss Morrison and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Morrison are in San Diego for a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison having taken a

house there for the winter, and it was in San Diego the engagement was made known to their friends. Miss Morrison's fiancé, Mr. Henry Ormsby Phillips, is with the officers' training camp at Camp Kearny. Young Mr. Phillips is the son of Mrs. John Blakewell Phillips of Bellefontaine avenue. Miss Blanche Chisholm, who is the niece of Mrs. Blanche D. Ives of La Solana and South Grand avenues, Pasadena, has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Lockhart Bryner, also of Pasadena. Miss Chisholm is in her first year at the University of California.

Mr. Bryner, who was in Europe, a member of

remain indefinitely.

Mr. Lewis H. Withey, president of the Michigan Trust Company of Grand Rapids, is among the annual visitors who has returned to Southern California for the winter months. Mr. Withey and his family for the last twenty-five years have passed their winter season in Santa Barbara and Pasadena, and at the present they are located at a hotel in the Crown City. Mr. Withey is the uncle of Mr. Chester Withey who is associated with David Wark Griffith.

Hotel del Coronado continues to be the Mecca for pleasure loving travelers who come from the snow and ice-cloaked eastern cities to bask in the sunshine and enjoy the wondrous flowers of the Southland. Every day affords opportunity for out-of-door pleasure excursions, the roads being in fine condition for automobile drives, and in the evening some form of entertainment is given for the house guests. Among the distinguished guests who have been at the Hotel during the last ten days were Judge and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart of London, England, and the Earl of Dunmore who is still at the famous hostelry. Mrs. Stobart who is famed as the "Lady of the Black Horse," gave a most interesting talk in the ballroom Sunday evening, February 10, telling of her experiences when as a Major in the Serbian Army, she led her flying field woman's hospital unit and troops in the Great Serbian Retreat to the Adriatic Coast at Scutari. Sunday afternoon Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee entertained with a luncheon party in honor of Judge and Mrs. Stobart, covers being arranged for Mrs. Dupee, Judge and Mrs. Stobart, Rear Admiral and Mrs. William F. Fullam, Mr. and Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson, Miss Clara Cudahy, Mr. John Dupee and Mr. G. M. Christie.

The "Military" continues to be the center of attraction at Hotel del Coronado and almost every week some special feature is made an added item of interest. Saturday afternoon, February 16, the third Patriotic Knitting Tea Dance was given under the auspices of the Coronado Branch of the Red Cross. A most interesting program was presented including numbers by the full military band of the 145th Field Artillery; several contributions from the Jazz orchestra of the 143rd and 159th regiments combined; Mme. Ellen Beach Yaw sang a group of songs and Ted Shawn, who needed

no introduction, gave several dances, assisted by Miss Mary Caldwell, daughter of Col. Caldwell, U. S. A., and Miss Edith Emmons Custer. Miss Marguerite de la Motte gave a ballet dance and Max Fisher, violin monologist of the Orpheum, also contributed a number. The program was arranged by Sergeant Van M. Zimmerman of the 159th Ambulance Corps, which was the beneficiary of the afternoon, the proceeds being devoted to the equipment of the corps, which is soon to leave for France. Saturday afternoon and evening, March 2, the Coronado Branch of the Red Cross (Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, regent) is planning a Society Circus which will be given at Hotel del Coronado and will include every "freak" known and unknown to sideshow and circus "ken," from popcorn to pink lemonade.



Aune

MISS KATHLEEN KELLEY

Attractive Southern belle who has been a visitor here and who at present is enjoying a trip to Honolulu, in company with her mother, Mrs. J. P. Kelly of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Georgia Kean, niece and house guest of Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of Los Angeles

the Lafayette Escadrille, returned from abroad last fall to join the American aviation service. He expects to leave within a few weeks for Washington, D. C., and later on to France. No date is set for the wedding.

One of the interesting visitors in California this winter is Mrs. Emily Pratt of Boston, who is visiting Mrs. Alice B. Mahan of Oak Hill Park. Mrs. Mahan has taken a house at Ocean Park and with her guest will pass a month at the beach. Mrs. Pratt has traveled extensively having made six trips around the world. She passed four or five years in China and has many unusual and most interesting stories to tell of China and her people. Mrs. Mahan's son, Mr. J. Ross Mahan, and a brother of Mrs. Pascal Henry Burke, left a week or so ago for the desert, where he will

WOMENS' CLUBS

(Continued from page 16)

teresting session. The meetings were held at the Hollywood clubhouse, and forty-one chapters out of forty-three in the state, were represented. War work has engaged the chapters throughout the state in a large measure, and the reports given from the various chapters attest the splendid relief work carried on by this body of women, during the last year. The session closed with a colonial ball given by Eschscholtzia chapter at the Ebells clubhouse.

CLUB NOTES

Under its list of Red Cross entertainments, the Friday Morning Club is planning an interesting program for the afternoon of February 22, when an original farce will be presented. Mrs. Judson Mitchell is chairman of this committee.

The Red Star Auxiliary of the Friday Morning Club will give a military ball at the clubhouse this evening, Wednesday, February 20. Many surprise features are scheduled for the event, which will be of particular interest.

The Ebells Club is planning several events of notable import for its March programs. Desider Vecsei, the brilliant pianist, who was soloist at the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra's first and third concerts, will be the star feature of the March 4 program while no less a personage in the world of literature of today than John Masefield, will appear before the club March 11.

NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

(Continued from page 14)

for each instrument. Then there must be enough parts for sixty to a hundred men, dependent on the size of the orchestra. In the case of a choral symphony, there also must be vocal scores for the chorus.

The prices charged for the scores and parts of the standard classics are not so large, but when it comes to the scores of later composers the prices are almost prohibitive, unless an orchestra has good financial backing. Not long ago a musical library wanted forty-five dollars for the rental of an orchestral score for two weeks. Many of them cost twenty-five to fifty dollars for each performance, with only a limited time for rehearsal. And after a conductor gets a score of a symphony, something may come up to postpone its performance, the illness of a necessary performer, a greater number of rehearsals, or what not; and then the cost is doubled.

JUST now, that a certain small portion of the public has adopted an inimical attitude toward the classic composers of the Central Powers, if an orchestra is to follow this Chauvinistic spirit—which finds more abettors among the would-be than the real musicians—then the supply of available works is reduced more than one half, and an orchestra management is thrown against the proposition of buying or renting the high priced scores. Higher priced because they are more novel and less

used than the standards. All told, unless an orchestra has accumulated a large library or a large good-sized working fund in the treasury, a conductor is up against a good sized proposition, to arrange programs that are not hackneyed, that do not have too frequent repetitions, that contain a reasonable number of novelties and that are sufficiently varied to attract and hold the attendance of a large public.

In this connection, music-lovers of wealth could do their class and the local orchestra a decided favor if they would send an occasional check to the management (which doesn't know that I write this) to be applied to the rental or purchase of orchestral novelties. That the orchestra could present the Cesar Franck symphony recently, was due to the kind offices of a friend who secured its loan from the St. Louis symphony orchestra. When considering the make-up of symphony program it is well to keep in mind the various handicaps under which the management works just now.

APPROPOS of the concert of Efreim Zimbalist, it may be remarked that the violinist seems to come into the world as a prodigy more frequently than any other musical artist. There were Kubelik and Kocian, Elman and Zimbalist, Heifetz and Rosen, and a host like the little Vecsei, of whom later nothing has been heard on this side. All made their first successes with the public when under twenty. And now Elman and Zimbalist are regarded as among the middle aged players and the younger generation as represented by Heifetz and Rosen have the ear of the eastern musical centers. They may reach here ere they, too, begin to show the bald spot.

A NEW BLUE BOOK

The new 1918 Southwestern Blue Book is just off the press and presents a most pleasing appearance. This society directory of names, addresses, at home days and telephone numbers names of the leading clubs and their officers, is neatly and concisely compiled under the direction of Miss Lenora H. King, who is president of the company. There are many features in this almost indispensable society directory, that have an especial appeal to new-comers in Los Angeles, enabling them to obtain correct information in regard to the various clubs with their presidents and secretaries, and for the older residents it records conveniently changes of addresses, telephone numbers, etc., which makes the book most invaluable.

LOWAWATHA

He killed the noble mudjokivis

With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the skin side outside

Made them with the fur side inside,

He to get the warm side inside

Put the inside skin side outside,

He to get the cold side outside

Put the warm side fur side inside,

That's why he put the skin side outside

Why he put the fur side inside

Why he turned them inside outside.

Shortfellow.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

SPARKLING, witty and bright is "Seven Chances" at the Morosco Theatre, showing the sterling company in a true constellation, not a star here and there in the histrionic dome. As a comedy with full opportunities for nearly everyone in the cast, the play is unusually well written. The lines are piquant, and fringed with laughter all the way through, and there is not the slightest lack of action from start to finish. The comedy is built about the merest fragment of a story, but the verve and dash of the play carries the audience along with it in an irresistible and contagious current of mirth.

Richard Dix and Harland Tucker divide the honors in the masculine parts pretty equally. Mr. Dix is a shining light in his amateur love-making, and it creates many absurdly funny scenes. The playwright has skilfully sown a little real sentiment among all this mockery, and this enables Mr. Dix to introduce some effective situations which make an admirable foil to the comedy part. Mr. Tucker is a perfect dynamo of energy, and his aiding and abetting of the matrimonial adventures of his friend is done in finished style. It was interesting to see how fine teamwork on the stage can make a soufflé, whipped syllabub production so thoroughly and entirely enjoyable.

Miss Bertha Mann as Anne Windsor was most winning, and her modulations of tone, the suggestiveness of eyes and gestures made her part a trifle more cameo-like than the other six of the seven "chances."

David Corrigan played Henry Garrison in excellent style, and Lilian Elliot made a typical mothering Mrs. Garrison. Ralph Denby, the Club nuisance, was typically framed by David Butler.

It was a sort of combination of diamond shavings and lily-of-the-valley. Beautifully staged, a play that would not read, but acted by the Morosco Company, a veritable charm of merriment and movement—and, rarely, a hint (and only a hint) of tears. The entire company was like a well-bound and well-illustrated book; every page was alive with interest. The scenery added much to the ensemble, exquisite effects being brought out with sky and water, and completed the striking features of the picture as a whole.

The intermediate line between the need of money and the glamour of money was a subtle undercurrent all the way through the play, and added to the zest of the lines from time to time. It was a reminder, occasionally, of the fact that "it is no disgrace to be poor; it is simply inconvenient." There was just one slight incredibility in the plot, and this was the suggestion that any modern girl in her senses would refuse to marry a man with twelve millions. The story of "Miss Kilmansegg, and her golden leg" seems much less of a glittering fantasy. The temptation to marry almost any man with such a fortune would seem to be simply mandatory on any modern-minded daughter of Eve, especially if the man were young and reputable. Even the matrimonial knot with a man not just what he ought to be would be justified in such a case, for imagine the sensation of "reforming" a gentleman with that amount of wealth? However, there are at least seven and seventy chances that you will be delighted with "Seven Chances" as given by the Morosco Company. The next play to be presented will be "Good Gracious Annabelle."

THE Community Theatre of Hollywood gave the first of its new four one-act plays February 18th, to a crowded audience, and the presentations were, with one exception, delightful. Zona Gale's little playlet of "The Neighbors" was one of those quaint, homespun pictures which depict village life after the manner of Mary Wilkins, and the roles were very pleasantly and mirthfully filled. Mis' Abel, by Helenita Lieberg, Ezra Williams, by Cecil Irish, Peter, by Robert Gordon, Inez, by Carlotta Rydman, Mis' Elnira Moran, with her chronic ailments, by Helen Bullard,

Grandma, by Caroline Diggs, Mis' Carry Ellsworth, by Joyce Percy and Mis' Wot, by Florence Pierce Reed gave a realistic setting to Mis' Abel's home and the theme, and the scene, was applaudingly received by the audience.

Manikin and Minikin, by Alfred Kreymborg, introduced Carlotta Rydman as Minikin, and Lawrence Tibbit as Manikin. Miss Rydman was daintily exquisite in her costume, much reminding one of Belle Marquise.

"Such a pinky porcelain trifle
Belle Marquise!
Just a thing of puffs and patches
Made of madrigals and catches,
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches,
Belle Marquise!"

But the dialogue—"Oh! just, good, great God! Miserable me!" It was a string of dreary banalities, inexpressibly painful to listen to—linked

dullness, long drawn out. And what subtle waggery placed this inanity from the twilight zone of literature where it was to be followed by Masfield's limpid prose, and the molten silver of Ernest Dowson's poetry?

"The tragedy of Nan," (Act 2nd) by John Masfield followed, and here Mr. Cecil Irish showed his versatility and real worth as Dick Gurvil. The love-scene between Dick Gurvil and Nan Hardwick (Helen Eddy) was simply idyllic—a reminder of a page from "Under the greenwood tree," or a chapter from one of Eden Philpotts' stories. The incident of the giving of the rose was so sweet, so touchingly portrayed that it brought back vividly again—

"Go! lovely rose.
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How fair and sweet she seems to be."

It was a triumph of love-making, tender, restrained, exquisite. Lilian Leighton as Mrs. Pargetter was most effectively shrewish and cunning, and the act of the play presented left an etching to be long remembered.

"Pierrot of the minute," by Ernest Dowson, was quite worthy of the pen that gave "Cynara" to the world, and Lawrence Tibbit had an opportunity to recite some lines well calculated to give a poetic vision of the enchanted forest. Charlotte Wadsworth, as a moon maiden, was ideally sweet

and mystical, and her dancing in the forest was like the swaying of a moonbeam over forest aisles transfigured. Two, or possibly three of the players were professionals, and it is to the great credit of The Hollywood Theatre that it has been able to bring out such fine and distinguished talent from the ranks of its members.

THE Wilson Bill, the McKinley Bill, the Overman Bill and all the rest of the various "Bills" will have to take a back seat when they are compared to the bill running at the Orpheum this week. It is as full of thrills as a cyclone. "The five of clubs" introduces the most miraculous club-swinging act ever staged. No use trying to describe it—see it. D'Armond and Darrell are clever and entertaining in "The Demi Tasse Revue," and Doc O'Neil gives a torrential monologue that finally gets you laughing and keeps you hilarious until his departure. George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager, from Texas and Kentucky, are sparkling in their act, with clever singing, graceful dancing, and some new nigger stories told as only a Southerner can tell them. More than merely a brief notice is due to Alan Brooks and his Company in the dramalet entitled "Dollars and Sense," which is sprinkled with bright lines, and excellently played by the entire four members of the cast. This little playlet successfully presents a story where there is no sympathy for the woman, and it moves with rapidity and concert pitch tension from start to finish. It is



Frederick Groves as "The Manxman" in a photodramatization of Hall Caine's immortal story, at the Kinema

an unusually drawn plot of characters and situations, and brings a storm of applause. Comfort and King introduce a new wrinkle in black-face comedy, and Vaughan Comfort has a sympathetic and powerful voice which entitle him to the encores he gets.

FROM the desert sands of the Mojave to the quaint little Isle of Man off the British coast is quite a change of atmosphere. With the termination of Bill Hart's rousing success, "Wolves of the Rail," now playing to packed houses at every performance at the Kinema, the scene will shift to the picturesque Manx-land in a photodramatization of Hall Caine's immortal novel, "The Manxman." This film was imported direct from the Criterion Theater in New York, where it just terminated a run of four solid weeks. One New York newspaper heralds forth "The Manxman" as never having been approached for sheer artistry and human appeal.

Hall Caine is one of the few authors presenting in this age a different point of view concerning that wonderful institution, "woman." "When a good woman falls from honor," writes Mr. Caine in "The Manxman," is it merely because she is the victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No! It is mainly that she is a slave of the sweetest, tenderest, most spiritual and pathetic of all human fallacies—the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves she attaches him to herself forever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas, it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart.

THOSE who come to Miller's Theatre this week to see Theda Bara in the latest sensational William Fox photoplay "Du Barry" will think they know Miss Bara and what she is capable of doing, but they will leave with a new and greater conception of her ability and charms after seeing her portray the role of the greatest adventuress in the history of France, Mme. Du Barry. She has never looked more beautiful in her life, and she never acted better than in the presentation of this character and her gowns are bewildering in their gorgeousness, and while undoubtedly correct as to period, each one will be the envy of every woman who sees them. Miss Bara has grasped the subtleties of the character of this woman, who in truth "vamped" a king, and she lives the part while

acting it. For uniqueness of scene and costuming, those who have seen it in preview, pronounce it the greatest that has ever been shown anywhere.

THE Mission Playhouse at San Gabriel is rapidly coming to be recognized as a real oasis for Sunday motorists, both visitors and Californians, who find it an ideal place at which to interrupt their day's tour, if commenced in the morning, or a delightful destination for the afternoon trip. The Mission Play which starts at 2:15 is over before five, and provides both rest and entertainment of the most absorbing and tuneful sort. The wonderful impersonation which Norval McGregor gives of Father Junipero Serra, and Rosamonde Joyzelle's rare portrayal of the proud Senora Josefa Yorba, of the Blood of Castile, together with the added musical and dancing numbers, make this year's performance well worth seeing several times. The roads are perfect, no matter from which direction one approaches San Gabriel.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE program of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra for Friday afternoon, March first, at Clune's auditorium, is more than usually attractive, for it contains several of the most interesting numbers the orchestra has played. First of these is the Sibelius First symphony, played here by the Minneapolis orchestra, the best number it offered in four concerts; following this is a prelude by Debussy, from his "Mystery," "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." This is the prelude to one scene called "In the Magic Chamber." It is provided with a scoring for many more than the usual variety of instruments and is full of the strange and elusive effects in which Debussy delights. The last number is another modern French composition, the work of a parallel writer to Debussy, and that is Paul Dukas. His "Sorcerer's Apprentice" purports to tell in music the tale of a student of magic who sets the broom to bringing water and is almost drowned before his master arrives to stop the performance. The soloist is to be Mrs. Constance Balfour, soprano. Her work is so well known in Los Angeles that she will receive a warm welcome on her debut with the Symphony orchestra. She will use an aria from "La Tosca" and another from "Louise," both favorites of these operas. Mrs. Balfour has sung with success in England, Scotland, South Africa and the eastern U. S. cities and is known among the leading sopranos of California.

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**Los Angeles
Symphony Orchestra**

Adolf Tandler, Director

CONSTANCE BALFOUR, Soloist

Symphony No. 1 in E Minor, Sibelius Aria from Tosca.....Puccini
Martyrdom of St. Sebastian.....Aria from Louise.....Charpentier
.....Debussy L'Apprenti Sorcier.....Dukas

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MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

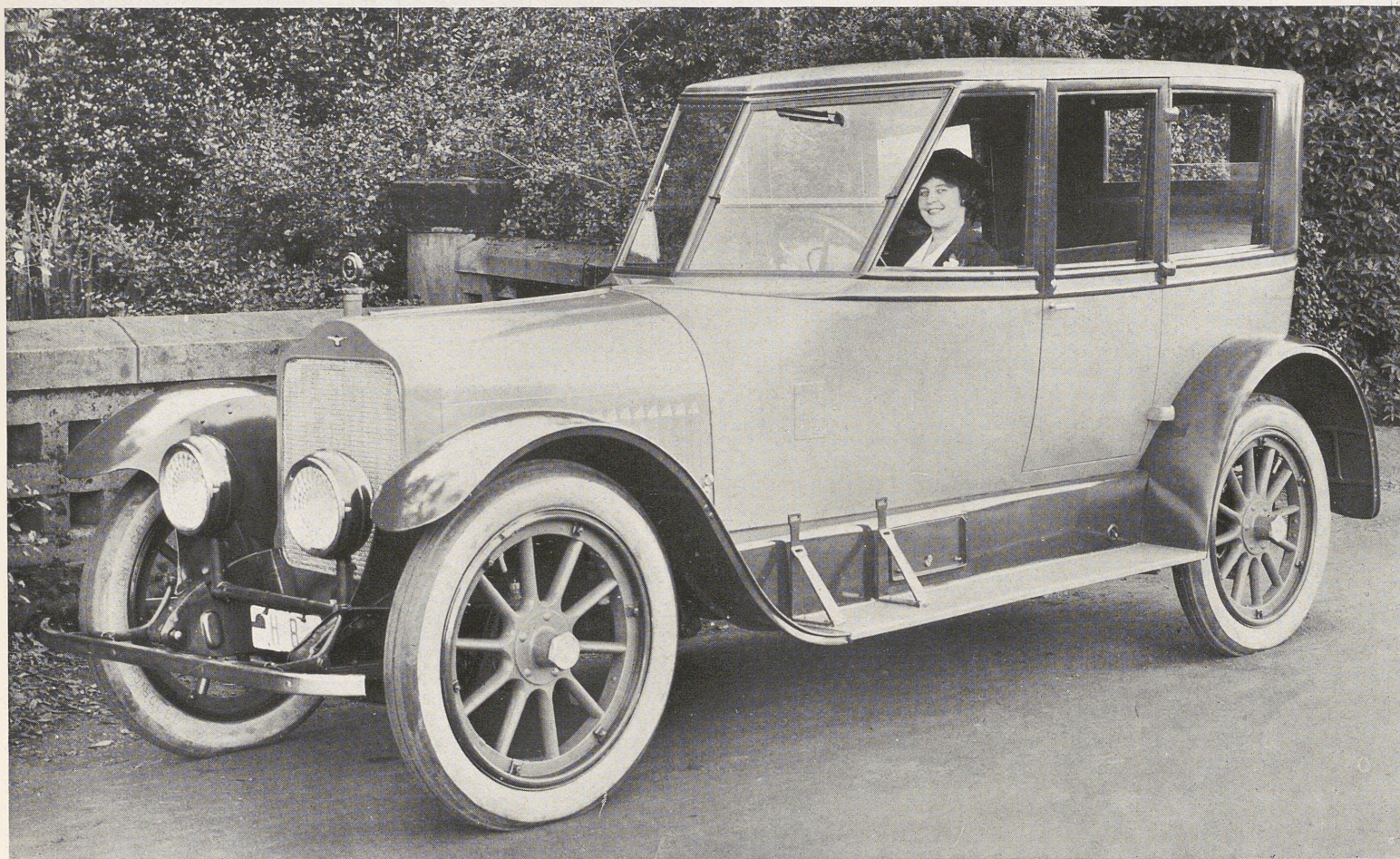
JOY riding seems to continue to exact its usual toll, if one may judge by the accounts that are to be read in the daily press. Fatalities resulting from nocturnal pleasures of this character are becoming so common that hardly more than passing notice is given when accounts of them are chronicled. It would seem the time was about at hand when stringent laws were placed on the statutes of every state making the purloining of automobiles for night rambles a crime. If injured bodies and lives lost are not worth considering, how about the personal property that is junked without the owner's consent. In this age of conservation, more protection than is now afforded under the laws of many states, should be afforded car owners.

LOS ANGELES continues to brush aside the traffic problem—that is, in so far as the streets of the business section are concerned. During the rush hours toward evening, the main arteries are gorged with street cars and automobiles for blocks. Owing to this congested condition in the up-

"They see the quality going about in autos and they know if they have this class of vehicle there are no 'jim-crow' signs to keep them segregated. The roads are free and they are at liberty to skim over them as are others. They'll lay aside money for an automobile where before they would 'lay off' from working until the last dollar had been squandered.

"After the car has been secured, Rastus must keep on working to make his payments and at the same time keep the boat running. In consequence, his employer gets the most of his time and crops do not suffer. And let me tell you: there are lots of negroes in the South that are cracking fine drivers and first class mechanics."

BOSTON has joined hands with Chicago, New York and Pittsburg, in the matter of cheaper taxi fares. Where a ride from the depot to an uptown hotel cost forty cents, the fare has been reduced to a quarter. Additional passengers pay ten cents, according to advices from the City of Culture. Appears as though the first passenger must be out of luck. Anyway, we



Mrs. Huntley W. Childs of the Yellowstone National Park Transportation Co., in her new White brougham

town shopping section, motorists have taken to other thoroughfares, running north and south and paralleling Main, Spring, Broadway and Hill. But now, the others seem about as badly off. In due time the matter will undoubtedly be threshed out in the usual way—at the polls.

IN spite of the fears of dealers that there would be an acute shortage of cars owing to shortage of coal and rolling stock, automobiles are slowly filtering through from the factories, according to reports that have been heard along the row. However, the number received has not been so large that it would warrant prospective purchasers employing the "tomorrow" excuse indefinitely. There may come a time when used cars will be in much greater demand than now.

ACCORDING to a visiting automobile dealer from south of the Mason and Dixon line, negroes in that quarter of the globe enjoy motoring even more than "white folks." The statement has been given wide circulation to the effect that dealers in the South that sell to negroes are boycotted by the white population.

"There may be some such cases and I have heard of a number, but they are very much in the minority. It's this way. So much money has been made in the South since the war started—yes, mostly in cotton—that there is some for anyone who will work. Naturally the South relies upon the negro for its labor and many of them have earned considerable. Five years ago, dollars looked big to them. But not so now.

could stand a little of that taxi reduction in Los Angeles and a taximeter—one that could be as easily read by the passenger as the driver—wouldn't be such a bad idea, would it?

WE are told that in Germany an automobile tire is about as rare as soap. If this be true, then indeed we have no conception of the horrors of war. Imagine, if you can, Southern California without an automobile tire!

NO sooner is a record established in the matter of the Mount Wilson climb, than another car lops a few seconds off the time of its predecessor. In this instance as in other difficult feats of a similar nature, power counts for much. So does the ability of a driver to get it out of a car and at the right time.

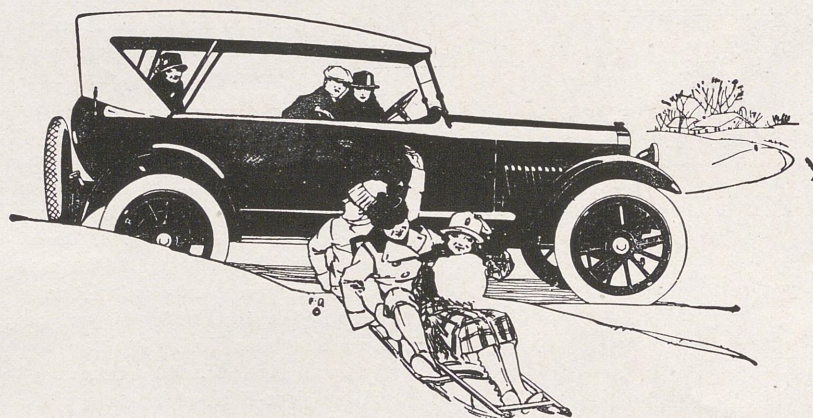
IN Pennsylvania and Maryland the postoffice department is trying out by parcel post the "farm to table" idea and with pronounced success, it is said, according to Eastern dispatches. By this method, fresh vegetables are sent by truck delivery from the gardens and farms directly to the doors of the consumers. Such service in Southern California would hardly be appreciated. Almost everything worth while in the vegetable line is to be had fresh and crisp every morning of the year and these are raised in such profusion all around us that they may be secured by a few minutes' walk.

FASHION decrees for men that have come out of the East, dictate a military cut to motor clothing this year. Those who fashion women's togs long ago adopted the military slant, and that this is popular is evidenced by the large number of the fair sex who have gowned their figures in conformity with this mode. The influence of the war is making itself felt in many ways.

OWING to the reducing of the number of Pullmans in service between Los Angeles and northern points in the state, there are any number, who of late, when unable to secure berth reservations, have climbed into their automobiles and made the trip in excellent time in this manner. An automobile trip of 500 miles or more at this season of the year in the frozen East, would be almost out of the question, but in Southern California it is but a matter of a moment's decision. Sensible economy and railroad

schedules that will be more or less lean, will impel Southern Californians to spend their recreation periods in the many ideal spots that dot the Southland, and which in many instances have been visited more by tourists than by ourselves. The reason for this may be that these resorts are situated almost at their thresholds.

THE movement of Eastern motor tourists to Florida has been impeded this winter by the freight embargo which is in effect on rail and water routes. Inasmuch as there are long stretches of road in Dixie land that are described as "none too good," motorists have been diffident about essaying an overland trip and in consequence have left their cars at home in cold storage. Hundreds of Eastern motorists shipped their cars to California before the embargo went into effect with the view of making the trans-continental trip returning.



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Capital, \$1,500,000

Surplus and Profits, \$2,072,014.19

V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 15)

California the Earl will speak before the Friday Morning club and several other organizations. The Earl, who has served three years in the war has the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and although quite young won the Victoria Cross, the D. S. O. and the insignia of the Victorian Order. Lord Murray will, while here, be lionized socially no doubt, and his talks on world war, principally the work of the allies in the present war, in which he has been wounded twice, will doubtless be most interesting.

An engagement announcement which will be of interest to friends in Los Angeles, comes from Santa Barbara, that of Miss Ruth Peabody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Forest Peabody of Montecito and Lake Forest, New York, to Captain David Fleming, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Fleming of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Miss Peabody attended Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Connecticut, and made her debut two or three years ago. Captain Fleming, who is the third son of the David Flemings is now with the 302nd Infantry at Camp Devins, Ayer, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Peabody are in the east now and their daughter, who is active in war work, is with the Mayfair war relief work in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kiernan of Scarborough-on-Hudson have taken the Edwin Janss home on Windsor boulevard for the winter, and have as their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip of New York, who are recent arrivals in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlip have been traveling through the Southern States urging the purchasing of thrift stamps and in each city visited were much entertained. Mrs. Kiernan plans to entertain for her guests a bit later, when they have rested from their extensive traveling.

Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor and her son Mr. Clark Keely of Berkeley square, have returned from an outing on Mount Wilson. Mrs. Wellington Clark, of Berkeley, who formerly resided in Hollywood and has a large circle of friends both in Hollywood and Los Angeles, is visiting in the south land, just now at Coronado. Mrs. Harry Purdon and her daughter, Miss Madeline Purdon, of Magnolia avenue, Los Angeles, left several days ago for Coronado, where they plan to pass a

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few weeks. Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis of Los Angeles is in Riverside where she will visit for a fortnight more, and her sister, Mrs. David H. McCartney has just returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook of Los Angeles are also away for a brief sojourn at Santa Barbara. Mrs. Henry O'Melveny and her two daughters-in-law, Mrs. Donald O'Melveny and Mrs. Stewart O'Melveny recently motored to San Francisco, where they went to be near Donald O'Melveny, who is in the service, stationed at present at Berkeley. Stuart O'Melveny is in the aviation service, stationed at Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. O'Melveny and her daughters-in-law, plan to be away only a few days longer.

Of interest to a large circle of friends was the announcement of the wedding of Mrs. Isabelle Works Burrit, and Mr. Derrick Farris, which took place in San Diego, Saturday, February 2. The bride is the youngest daughter of former United States Senator John D. Works and Mrs. Works of Los Angeles. She has lived in this city all her life and for several years has been a teacher in the public schools. Mr. Farris is a member of the Los Angeles Water Department. The marriage culminates a friendship of several years. Mr. and Mrs. Farris will make their home at 2695 Orchard avenue.

The wedding of Miss Kassa V. M. Bailey, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Goffin Bailey, of 608 North Broadway, Santa Ana, and Mr. Louis Wellington Briggs, United States Naval Reserve, of the same city, was solemnized at St. James Episcopal church, Pasadena, Saturday noon, January 19, the Rev. W. H. Wotton, rector of the parish, officiating. Owing to the death of the bride's mother in October, it was not planned to have the marriage take place until spring but the groom was suddenly called to active service.

THE LAW

Section 1273, Civil Code of California

WILL of MARRIED WOMEN

A married woman may dispose of all her separate estate by will, without the consent of her husband, and may alter or revoke the will in like manner as if she were single. Her will must be executed and proved in like manner as other wills.

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LEO S. CHANDLER, Vice-Pres.

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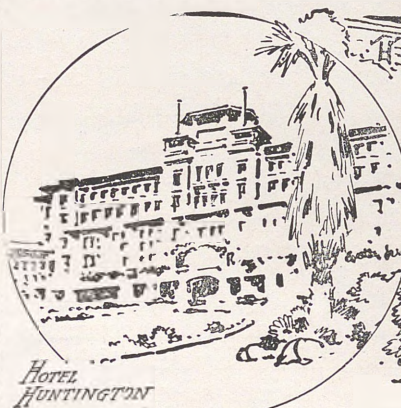
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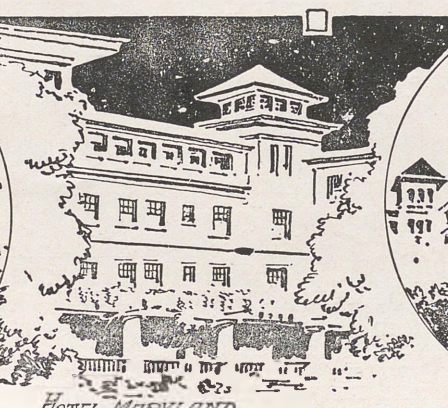
BIG 12^{oz} CARTON
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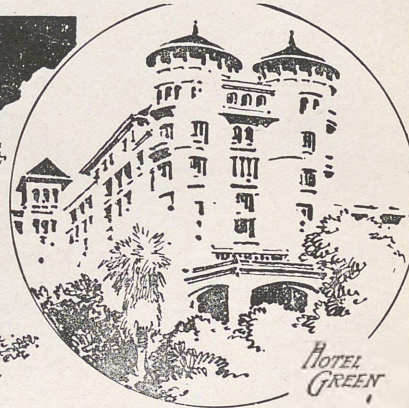
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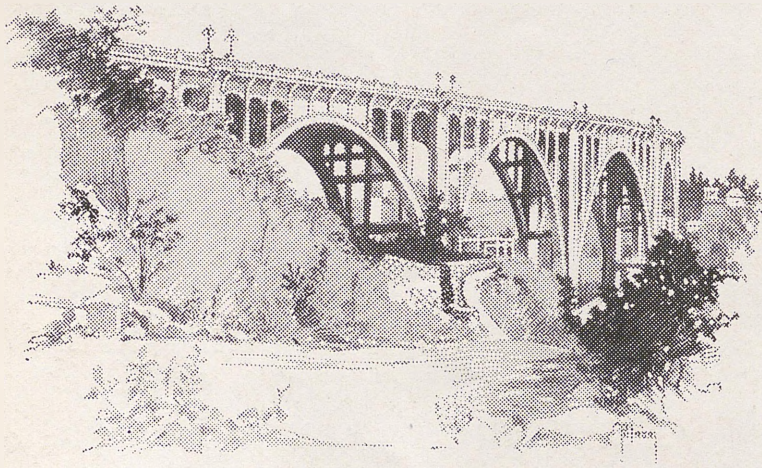
Honolulu, Honolulu,
With its flowers beatific,
Gem of all the blue Pacific,
Breezes soft and soporific,
Honolulu, lulu, lulu,
With its crater-voids terrific,
And its mango groves prolific,
And climatic health-specific,
Honolulu, its a "lulu,"
Lulu, Lulu, Honolulu.

AFTER all, what is the fascination which draws hosts of people every year to these islands basking in the arms of "the Mother of the waters"? Personally, I should say the infinite variety of the myriad scenes that meet the traveler's eye, coupled with the entirely dependable year-round climatic conditions. Not to know Honolulu is really to argue one's self unknown. It is curious to note how most men and women who have lived there seem to be haunted by the memory of the beauty of the incomparable setting seashore, mountain, sky and forest which these island brilliants are circled. Even the casual and fast-trotting traveler cannot wholly escape the charm.

It is something unusual, exotic, unique, something with a subtlety recurring suggestion which exerts almost a hypnotic influence of desire to return again and again to the beauty disclosed. Color there is, so varied and lovely; cloud-armadas of low-lying snow-moored above purple seas and white reaches of sandy shore; call of seabirds, and drowsy lapsing of sibilant waves flung up from Equatorial depths; tropic scents wafted on vicereless wings like incense rising from censers waved by white-vestured acolytes; glimpse of green fields nestled against slopes that rise to volcanoes silent, or holding in their ominous depths the menace of tragedies yet to be; quaint and picturesque costumes of these far-away lands, lending a hint of Oriental life, or bygone legend of islanded primitiveness; all sound, all sensuousness; music, heard or half-silenced, beauty lingering and cameo-like, unforgettable.

Then, too, the scholar and savant, the student of ethnology and geology will find a field there second to none for scientific research and interest. "Rock-ribbed and ancient as the hills" are these mountain chains and earth-quake molded island formations, and old as time are the seas that solemnly pace the time-worn beaches.

The sportsman and angler will also find here abundance of recreation, and unusual delights with both gun and rod. The idler and the athlete will both seek out and capture the flitting joys of the moment in ideal recreation or artistic and idyllic "loafing," and always will come the lisp of foaming fretted surf, the brush of the wind wing, the calls and cries of the wandering wild-fowl. Of modern comfort and even latest luxuries the wayfarer can be assured at every turn. The days of crude and comfortless conditions have vanished with "the snows of yester-year," and every convenience and modernity available in either Paris or London will be ready at his beck and call.



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